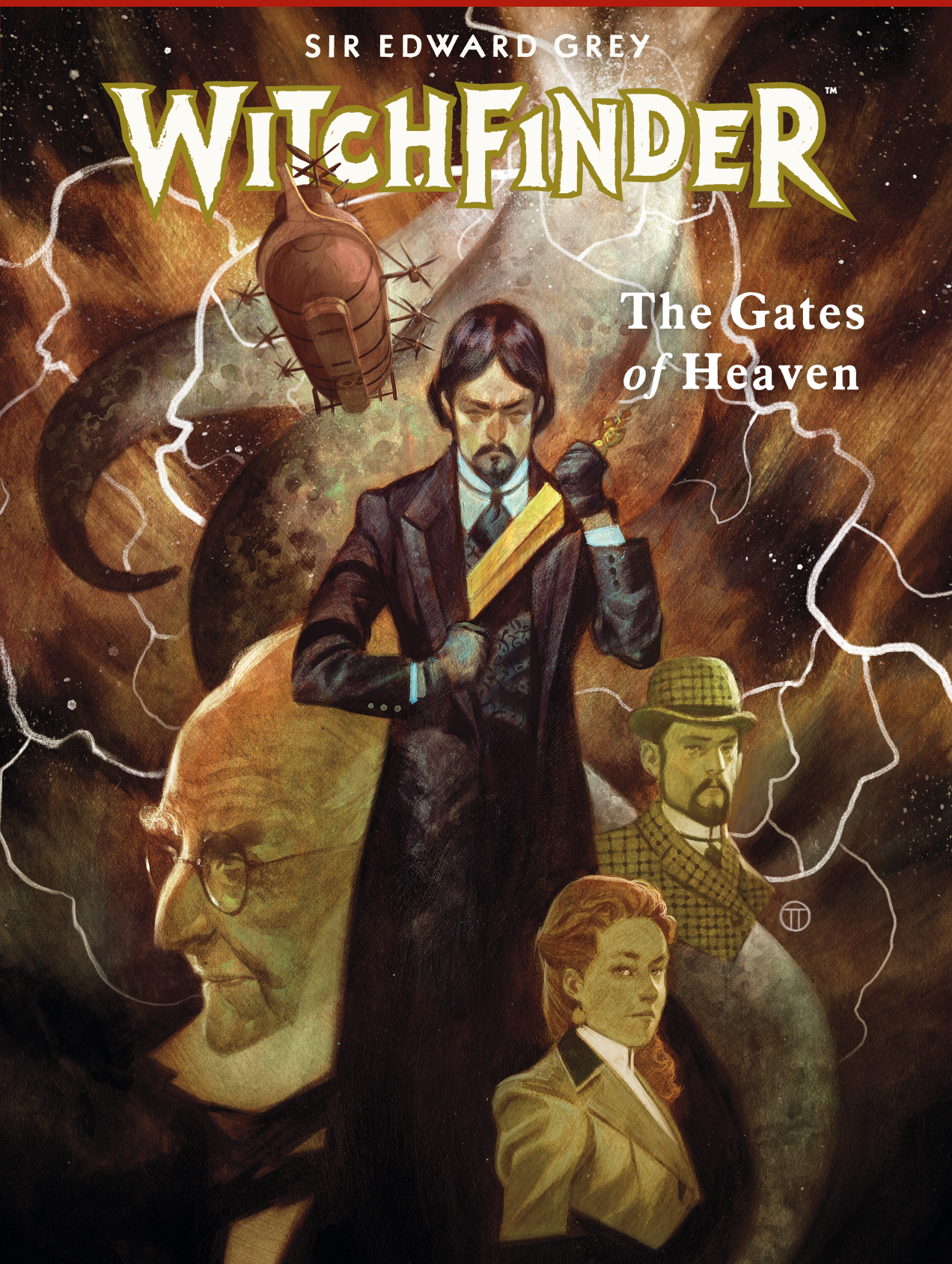
FROM THE PAGES OF HELLBOY

SIR EDWARD GREY

WITCHFINDER™

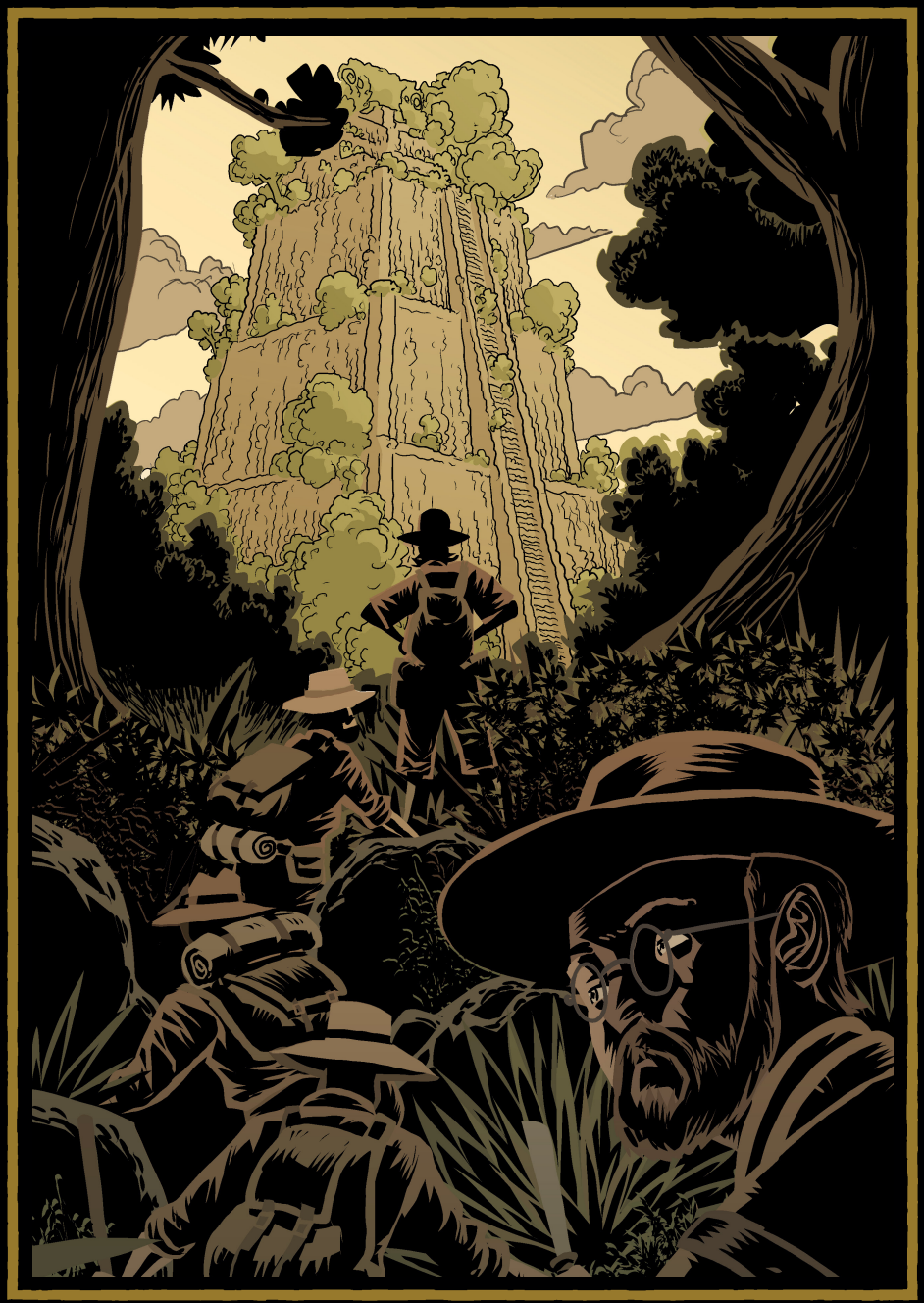
The Gates *of* Heaven



MIKE MIGNOLA • CHRIS ROBERSON
D'ISRAELI • MICHELLE MADSEN

Sir Edward Grey
WITCHFINDER

CREATED BY MIKE MIGNOLA



SIR EDWARD GREY

WITCHFINDER™

The Gates *of* Heaven

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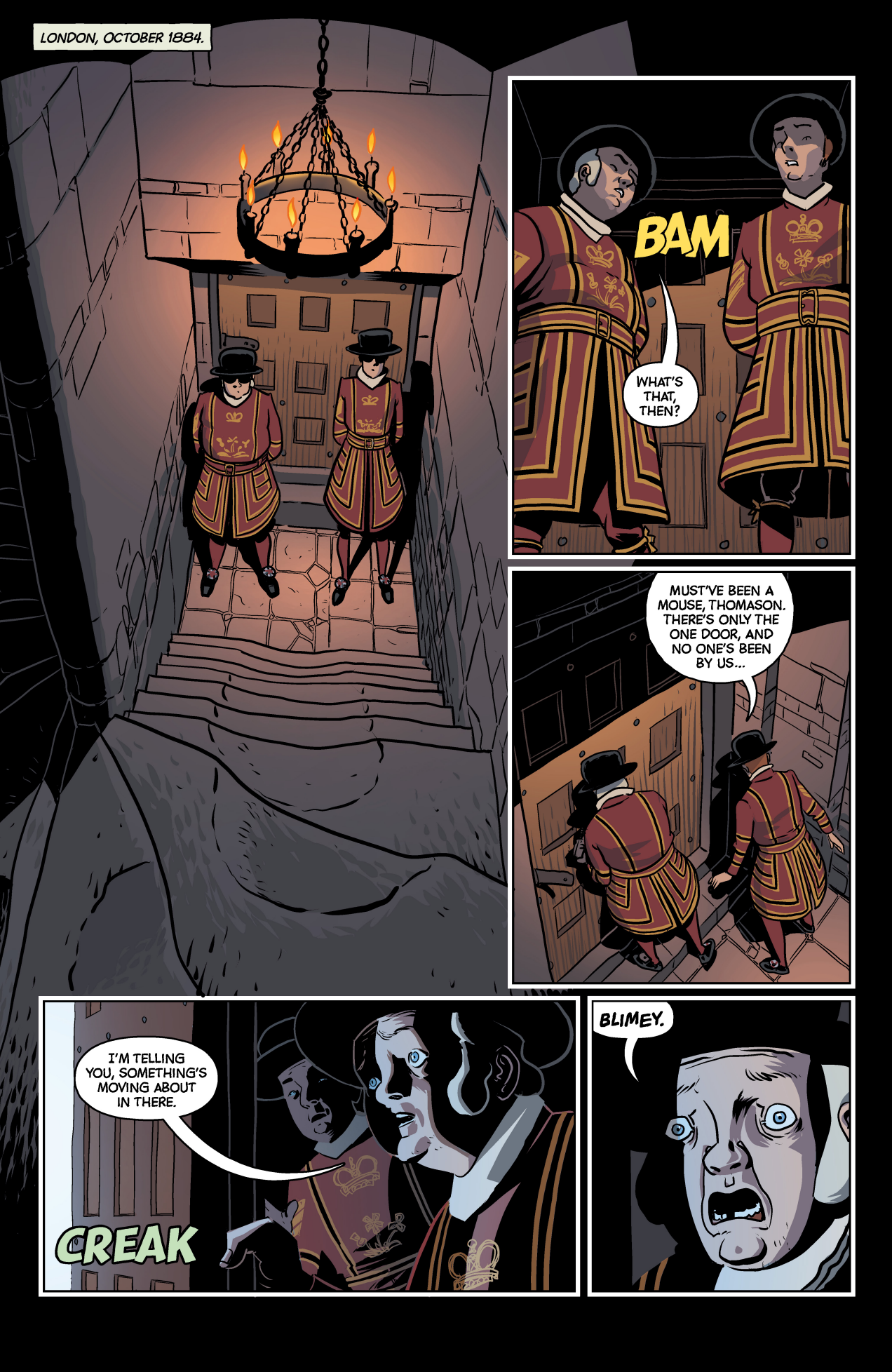
CHAPTER ONE


LONDON, OCTOBER 1884.
BAM
WHAT'S THAT, THEN?
MUST'VE BEEN A MOUSE, THOMASON. THERE'S ONLY THE ONE DOOR, AND NO ONE'S BEEN BY US...
I'M TELLING YOU, SOMETHING'S MOVING ABOUT IN THERE.
CREAK
BLIMEY.

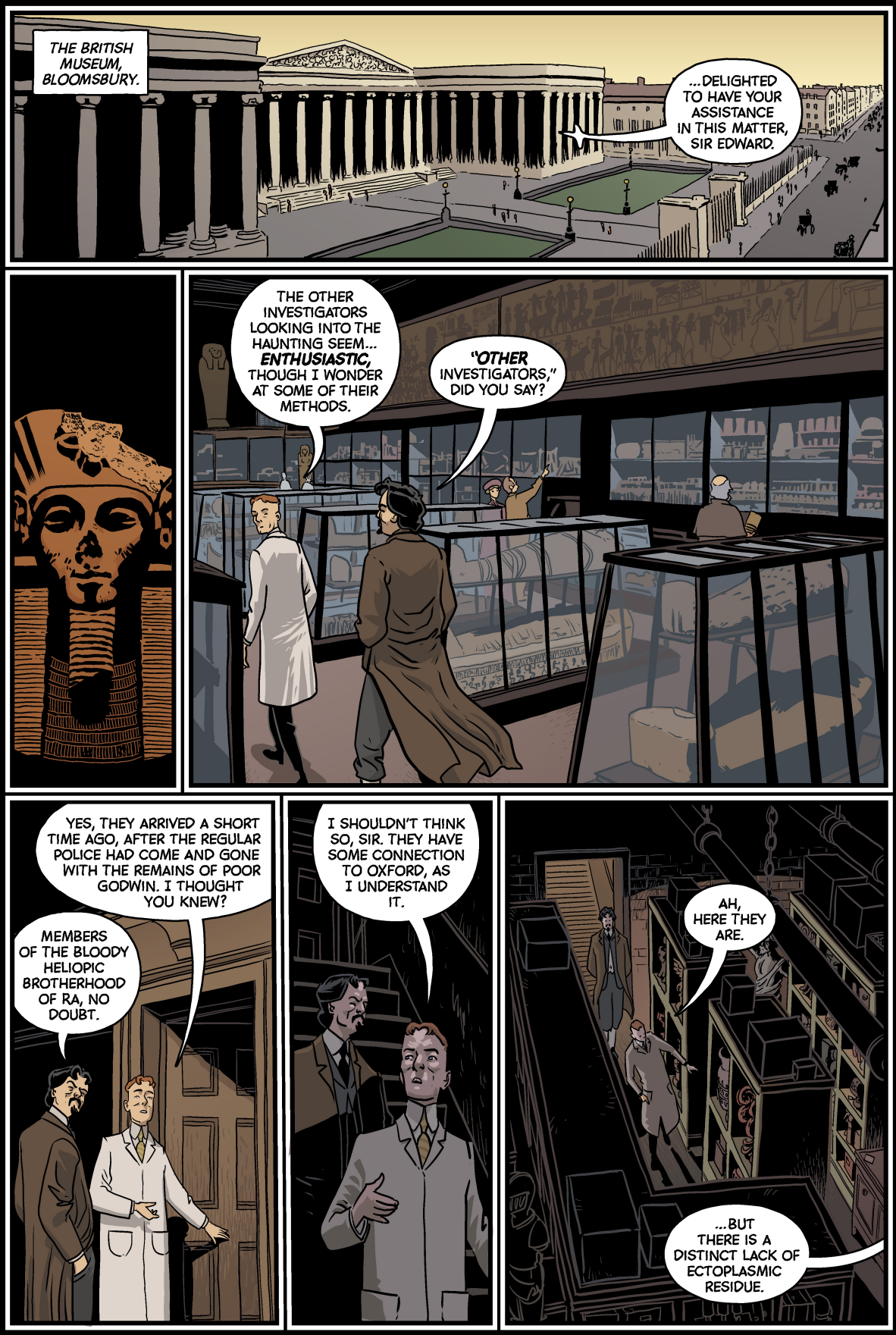
...
WHAT IS IT? WHAT'D YOU SEE?
I...IT WAS...
IT WAS A GHOST.

TOWER OF LONDON, THE NEXT MORNING.
I'D BE TEMPTED TO THINK IT MIGHT BE THE RETURN OF THE GHOST OF LORD JEFFREYS, BUT THIS DIDN'T LOOK ANY-THING LIKE A BEAR, I TAKE IT?
NO, SIR, NOT A BIT OF IT. THIS WAS DEFINITELY SHAPED LIKE A MAN, ONLY... NOT ENTIRELY THERE, IF YOU TAKE MY MEANING.
AND IF THE FIGURE WAS HOLDING SOMETHING, I'M FORCED TO WONDER WHETHER SOMETHING HAS BEEN STOLEN.
I'LL BE BLOWED. YOU'RE RIGHT, SIR EDWARD.

EVERYTHING ELSE IS PRESENT AND ACCOUNTED FOR, BUT WE'RE MISSING AN ITEM LISTED IN THE REGISTRY AS "PENTACLE DISC, GOLD, OF UNKNOWN PROVENANCE."
THE ENTRY IS DATED 1879, AND CROSS-REFERENCED TO SOMETHING CALLED "THE AMALFI AFFAIR"?
"AMALFI"...?
AH, YES, THAT BUSINESS WITH THE ITALIAN OPERA SINGER AND THE WITCH'S CURSE.
I CONFISCATED THE PENTACLE FROM THE WITCH'S EFFECTS AFTER SHE DROWNED IN THE THAMES.
FAR FROM THE MOST POWERFUL OR DANGEROUS ITEM IN THE INVENTORY, BUT IF ONE OCCULT ARTIFACT CAN BE STOLEN WITH IMPUNITY, THEN OTHERS MIGHT LATER BE AS WELL.
GENTLE-MEN, THIS IS A WORRYING DEVELOPMENT, TO SAY THE LEAST.

IT HAS BEEN OVER A WEEK SINCE I BEGAN INVESTIGATING THE THEFT FROM HER MAJESTY'S STORE OF ARCANE OBJECTS.
FROM THE SECRET JOURNALS OF SIR EDWARD GREY.
AND YET I AM NO NEARER TO IDENTIFYING THE CULPRIT THAN THE DAY I BEGAN.
EVEN SO, I REFUSE TO ACCEPT THE YEOMAN WARDER'S ASSERTION THAT IT WAS SIMPLY SPIRITED AWAY BY A GHOST.
STUFF AND NONSENSE...
YOUR PARDON, SIR EDWARD, BUT I HAVE TODAY'S EDITION OF THE TIMES FOR YOU.

JUDGING BY THE HEADLINES, IT WOULD APPEAR THAT GREENWICH HAS BEEN CHOSEN TO BE THE GLOBAL PRIME MERIDIAN.
AS IF LONDON WASN'T ALREADY KNOWN TO BE THE CENTER OF THE CIVILIZED WORLD...
I'M SURE YOU'RE RIGHT, BAILEY.
THOUGH FROM THE CRIME REPORTS, IT OFTEN SEEMS THAT LONDON IS THE CENTER OF THE UNCIVILIZED WORLD AS WELL.
THE TIMES
WHAT'S THIS...?
TIMES
THE TIMES
GHOSTLY APPARITION & UNEXPLAINED DEATH AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM

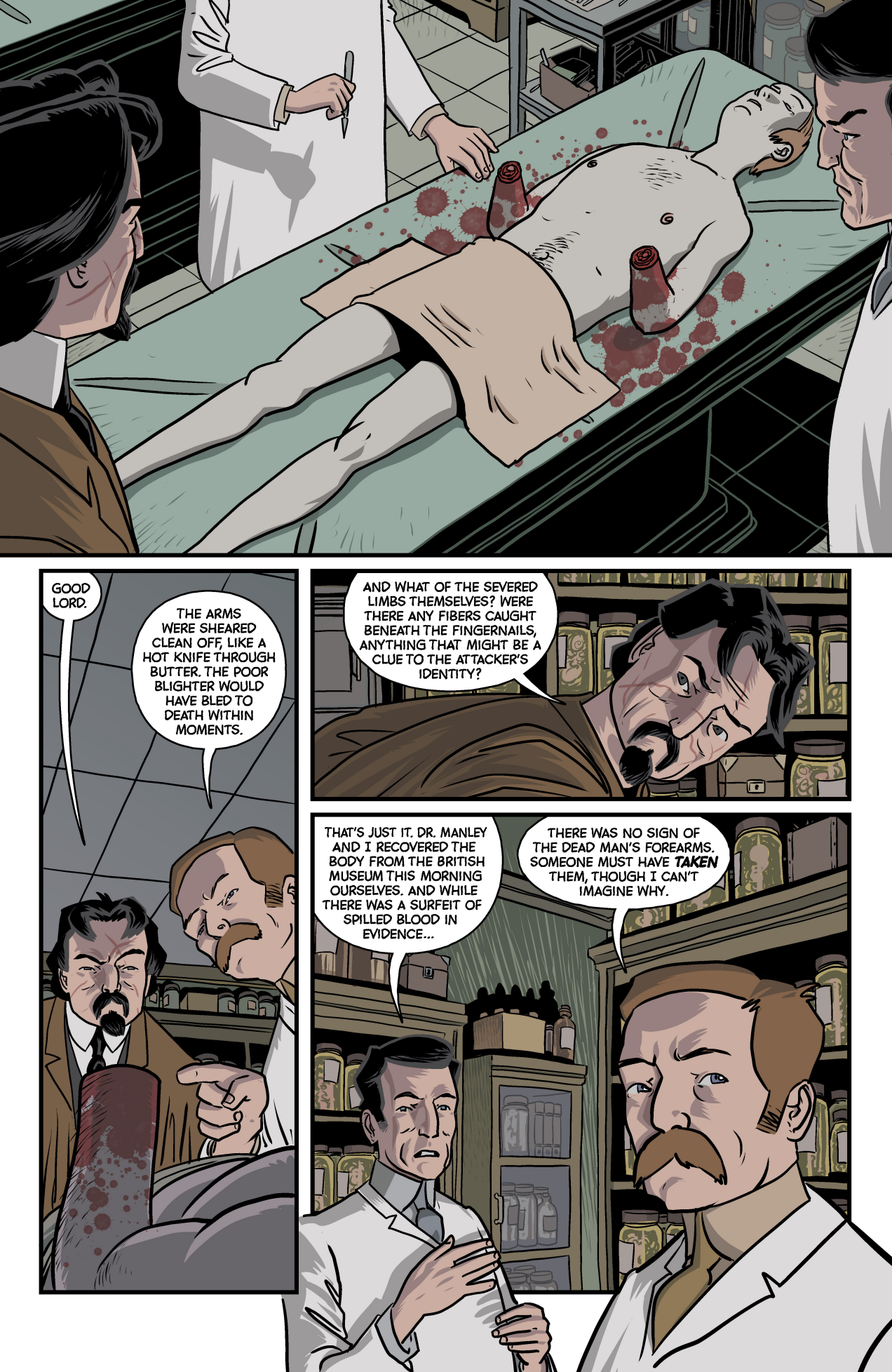

THE BRITISH MUSEUM, BLOOMSBURY.
...DELIGHTED TO HAVE YOUR ASSISTANCE IN THIS MATTER, SIR EDWARD.
THE OTHER INVESTIGATORS LOOKING INTO THE HAUNTING SEEM... ENTHUSIASTIC, THOUGH I WONDER AT SOME OF THEIR METHODS.
"OTHER INVESTIGATORS," DID YOU SAY?
YES, THEY ARRIVED A SHORT TIME AGO, AFTER THE REGULAR POLICE HAD COME AND GONE WITH THE REMAINS OF POOR GODWIN. I THOUGHT YOU KNEW?
MEMBERS OF THE BLOODY HELIOPIC BROTHERHOOD OF RA, NO DOUBT.
I SHOULDN'T THINK SO, SIR. THEY HAVE SOME CONNECTION TO OXFORD, AS I UNDERSTAND IT.
AH, HERE THEY ARE.
...BUT THERE IS A DISTINCT LACK OF ECTOPLASMIC RESIDUE.

SEEMS TO BE A SECOND SET OF FOOTPRINTS IN THE DUST, THOUGH.
WELL, THIS IS A TURN-UP FOR THE BOOKS. CHILDREN, UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS THIS IS SIR EDWARD GREY, HER MAJESTY'S PERSONAL WITCHFINDER.
YOU...ERM...YOU APPEAR TO HAVE THE ADVANTAGE OF ME, SIR.
PROFESSOR LLEWELLYN PRITCHARD, AND VERY PLEASED TO MAKE YOUR ACQUAINTANCE.
WE'RE DOWN FROM OXFORD ON BEHALF OF THE BRITISH PARANORMAL SOCIETY, INVESTIGATING THE RECENT APPARITION.
THESE ARE MY ASSOCIATES, MISTER SIMON BRUTTENHOLM AND MISS HONORA GRANT.
A PLEASURE, SIR.
ALL RIGHT, THEN.

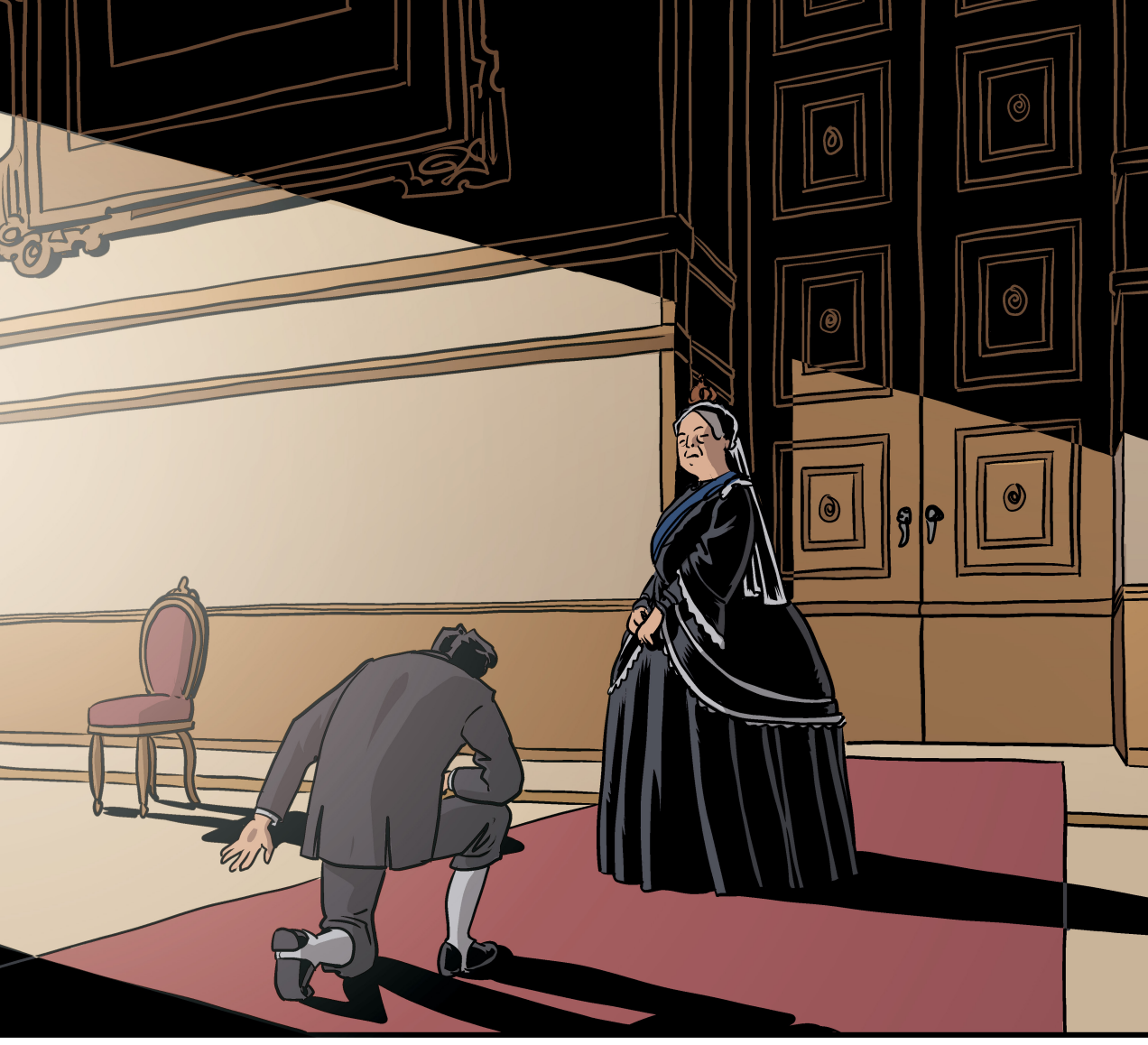
NOW, MISTER CHALMERS, I'VE READ THE OFFICIAL REPORT, BUT I WAS HOPING YOU MIGHT GIVE ME YOUR OWN ACCOUNT OF WHAT YOU WITNESSED LAST NIGHT.
WELL, GODWIN AND I WERE CATALOGUING ITEMS IN STORAGE FOR AN UPCOMING EXHIBITION. WE HAD BEEN SEPARATED FOR A SHORT WHILE WHEN I HEARD SOUNDS OF A STRUGGLE.
WHEN I CAME BACK 'ROUND THE CORNER, I CAUGHT THE BAREST GLIMPSE OF A SPECTRAL FIGURE, VANISHING FROM VIEW.
I SEE. AND WAS ANYTHING DISCOVERED TO BE MISSING AFTERWARD?
I...I'M NOT SURE WHAT YOU MEAN.
THIS SHELF APPEARS TO BE EMPTY, BUT THE DUST THAT COVERS IT IS NOT UNIFORM. IT WOULD SEEM THAT SOMETHING WAS RECENTLY REMOVED.
AND THERE LAY POOR GODWIN ON THE GROUND, BLED WHITE AND WITH HIS ARMS...*CHOKE* SIMPLY GHASTLY!

OH MY. LET ME CONSULT THE LEDGER.
MY ASSOCIATES AND I HAVE INVESTIGATED ANY NUMBER OF HAUNTINGS SINCE FOUNDING THE SOCIETY SOME SEVEN YEARS AGO, AND ARE HAPPY TO OFFER OUR SERVICES.
YES, WELL...
AH, HERE IT IS. IT WAS AN ARTIFACT RECOVERED IN AN ASSYRIAN TOMB BY THE ARBUTHNOT EXPEDITION.
"HOWEVER, IT DID NOT APPEAR TO BE ASSYRIAN IN ORIGIN, AND DESPITE ***RIGOROUS*** RESEARCH AND EXAMINATION, IT STUBBORNLY RESISTED IDENTIFICATION."
COULD IT HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH GODWIN'S DEATH?
IT JUST MIGHT DO, MISTER CHALMERS.

SAINT JOHN OF THE CROSS POLICE HOSPITAL.
AND WHY WAS I NOT INFORMED ABOUT THE MATTER AT ONCE?
ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS POLICE HOSPITAL
I MUST SAY, MR. SILK, IT IS SOMEWHAT GALLING TO HAVE ONLY LEARNED ABOUT THE CASE BY PERUSING THE BLOODY NEWSPAPER.
STEADY ON, GREY. WE WOULD HAVE BROUGHT YOU IN ON THIS IN GOOD TIME.
AS IT HAPPENS, I THOUGHT THAT THIS FELL WITHIN YOUR BAILIWICK AS SOON AS WE BEGAN THE AUTOPSY.
I MADE THE SUGGESTION FIRST, DR. LEWIS--IF YOU RECALL.
THE CURATOR AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM SUGGESTED THAT THE BODY HAD BEEN "BLED WHITE." A CASE OF EXSANGUINATION, THEN?
NOT EXACTLY.


GOOD LORD.
THE ARMS WERE SHEARED CLEAN OFF, LIKE A HOT KNIFE THROUGH BUTTER. THE POOR BLIGHTER WOULD HAVE BLED TO DEATH WITHIN MOMENTS.
AND WHAT OF THE SEVERED LIMBS THEMSELVES? WERE THERE ANY FIBERS CAUGHT BENEATH THE FINGERNAILS, ANYTHING THAT MIGHT BE A CLUE TO THE ATTACKER'S IDENTITY?
THAT'S JUST IT. DR. MANLEY AND I RECOVERED THE BODY FROM THE BRITISH MUSEUM THIS MORNING OURSELVES. AND WHILE THERE WAS A SURFEIT OF SPILLED BLOOD IN EVIDENCE...
THERE WAS NO SIGN OF THE DEAD MAN'S FOREARMS. SOMEONE MUST HAVE *TAKEN* THEM, THOUGH I CAN'T IMAGINE WHY.

OH, SIR EDWARD, I'M GLAD TO HAVE CAUGHT YOU. YOUR PRESENCE IS REQUIRED.
INDEED? YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THIS, SILK?
CAN'T SAY THAT I DO. SOMETHING FROM THE CHIEF INSPECTOR'S OFFICE, MISS GOAD?
NO, SIR. IT'S FROM CONSIDERABLY HIGHER UP THE HILL THAN THE CHIEF INSPECTOR.
BUT WHO WOULD REQUIRE MY...?
OH.



YOUR MAJESTY.

ARISE, SIR EDWARD.
WE HAVE NEED OF YOUR PARTICULAR TALENTS.

OF COURSE. I SERVE AT YOUR MAJESTY'S PLEASURE.
BUT I MUST ADMIT THAT YOUR SUMMONS CAME AS SOME SURPRISE, CONSIDERING THAT WRITTEN INSTRUCTIONS HAVE SUFFICED IN THE PAST.
THIS IS, SHALL WE SAY, A MATTER OF SOME DELICACY.
YOU HAVE SERVED US FAITHFULLY AND WELL THESE PAST FIVE YEARS, SIR EDWARD. AND WE KNOW THAT WE CAN RELY UPON YOUR DISCRETION.
ALWAYS.
IT IS FOR THE BEST THAT OUR SUBJECTS REMAIN UNAWARE OF THE FULL EXTENT OF THE SERVICES YOU PROVIDE.
ONE SHRINKS FROM IMAGINING THE PANIC THAT WOULD ENSUE WERE THEY TO KNOW THE DANGERS THAT WE HAVE FACED.

"THAT BUSINESS IN FARNHAM, WITH THE TRIO OF HAGS WHO HAD DESIGNS ON MY LIFE, AND WOULD HAVE COST THE KINGDOM HER ***QUEEN*** HAD YOU NOT INTERVENED.
"OR THE WOLF OF KINTYRE AND THE SAD TRAGEDY OF THE MARQUESS'S SON.
"MUCH LESS THAT ROMANIAN FIEND AND HIS PLANS TO ESTABLISH AN EVIL '*EMPIRE*' RIGHT IN THE BEATING HEART OF OUR OWN."

BUT AS MUCH AS WE HAVE WELCOMED YOUR EFFORTS TO KEEP SUCH KNOWLEDGE HIDDEN FROM THE GENERAL PUBLIC, THE PRESENT MATTER IS OF A MORE DELICATE NATURE STILL.
SOMETHING HAS BEEN STOLEN FROM A SENSITIVE LOCATION, THE VERY EXISTENCE OF WHICH YOU WILL WITHHOLD FROM EVEN YOUR CLOSEST ASSOCIATES.
YOU ARE NOT THE ONLY SERVANT OF OURS WHO LABORS IN THE SHADOWS, SIR EDWARD.
GOD SPEED YOU ON YOUR WAY.
32 West Ferry Road

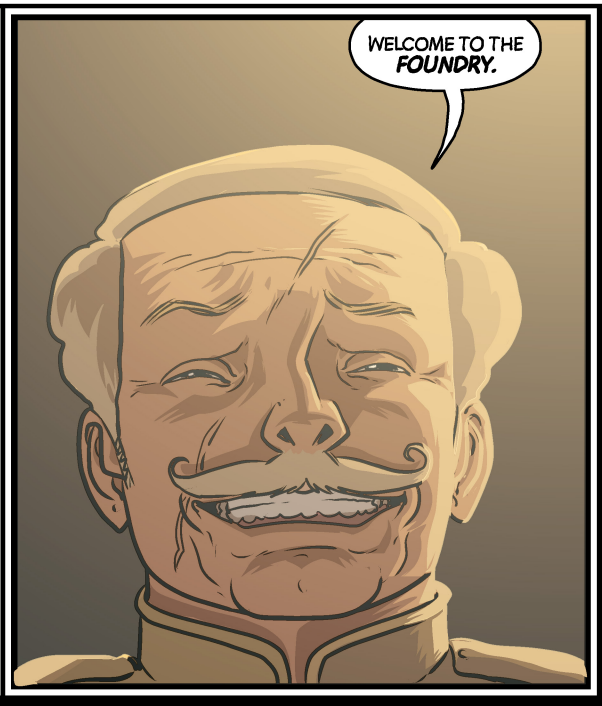
CALIBURN IRON WORKS & SHIP BUILDING COMPANY LTD.
CALIBURN IRONWORKS AND SHIPBUILDING LTD., ISLE OF DOGS, LONDON.
MMM.
CALIBURN IRONWORKS & SHIP
OI-- WHERE D'YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?
YOU DON'T GOT NO BUSINESS HERE, CHUMMY. BEST MOVE ALONG BEFORE THINGS GET UNPLEASANT, EH?
YOU'LL FORGIVE ME IF I BEG TO DIFFER, BUT I DO HAVE BUSINESS HERE.
I BELIEVE THAT I MAY WELL BE EXPECTED, IN FACT. SO IF YOU WOULDN'T MIND--

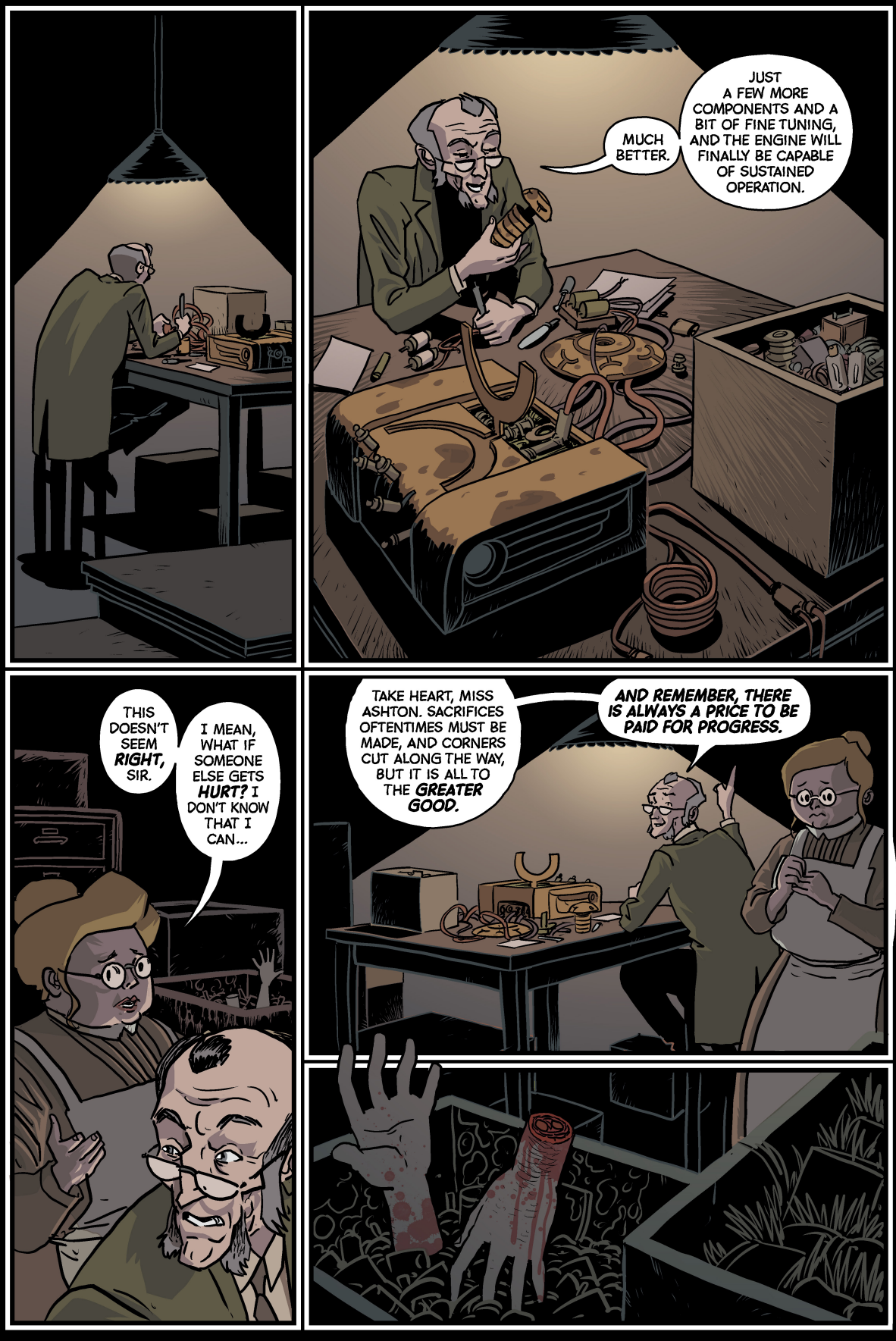
RIGHT, SIR. SORRY, SIR.
IF YOU'LL BE SO KIND AS TO FOLLOW ME.
AFTER YOU, SIR.
MMMM.
YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE THE BRUSQUE RECEPTION, BUT WE HAVE TO TAKE EVERY PRECAUTION.
GOOD LORD...

AH, SIR EDWARD, I PRESUME.

WE JUST GOT WORD OVER THE WIRE THAT WE SHOULD EXPECT YOU. HOPE YOU DIDN'T HAVE TOO MUCH TROUBLE FINDING US.

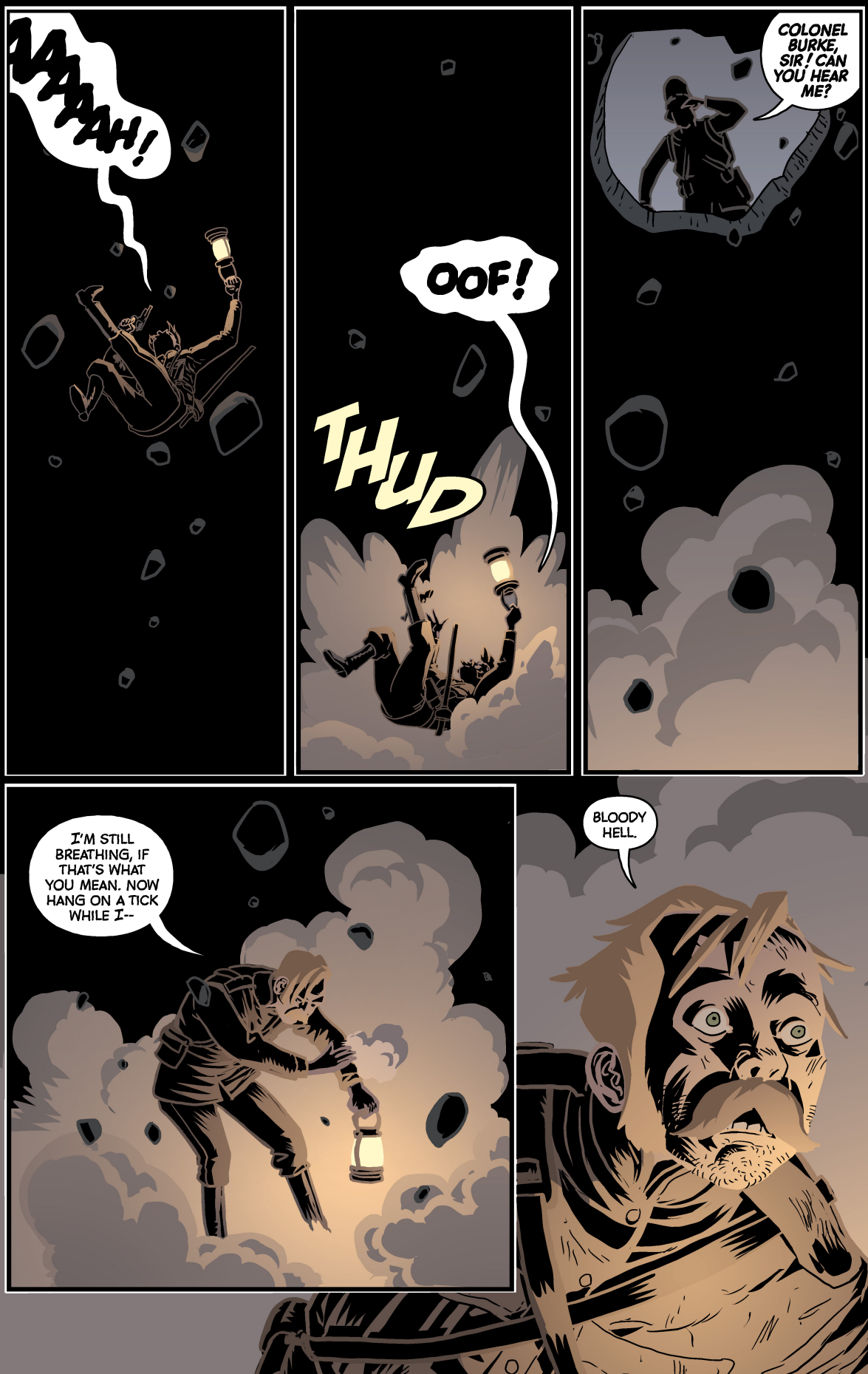
COLONEL JAMES FRASIER BURKE, LATE OF THE SIXTY-SIXTH REGIMENT OF FOOT. THESE ARE MY ASSOCIATES, PROFESSOR QUINLAN MADDOX AND MAJOR KARAM SINGH.

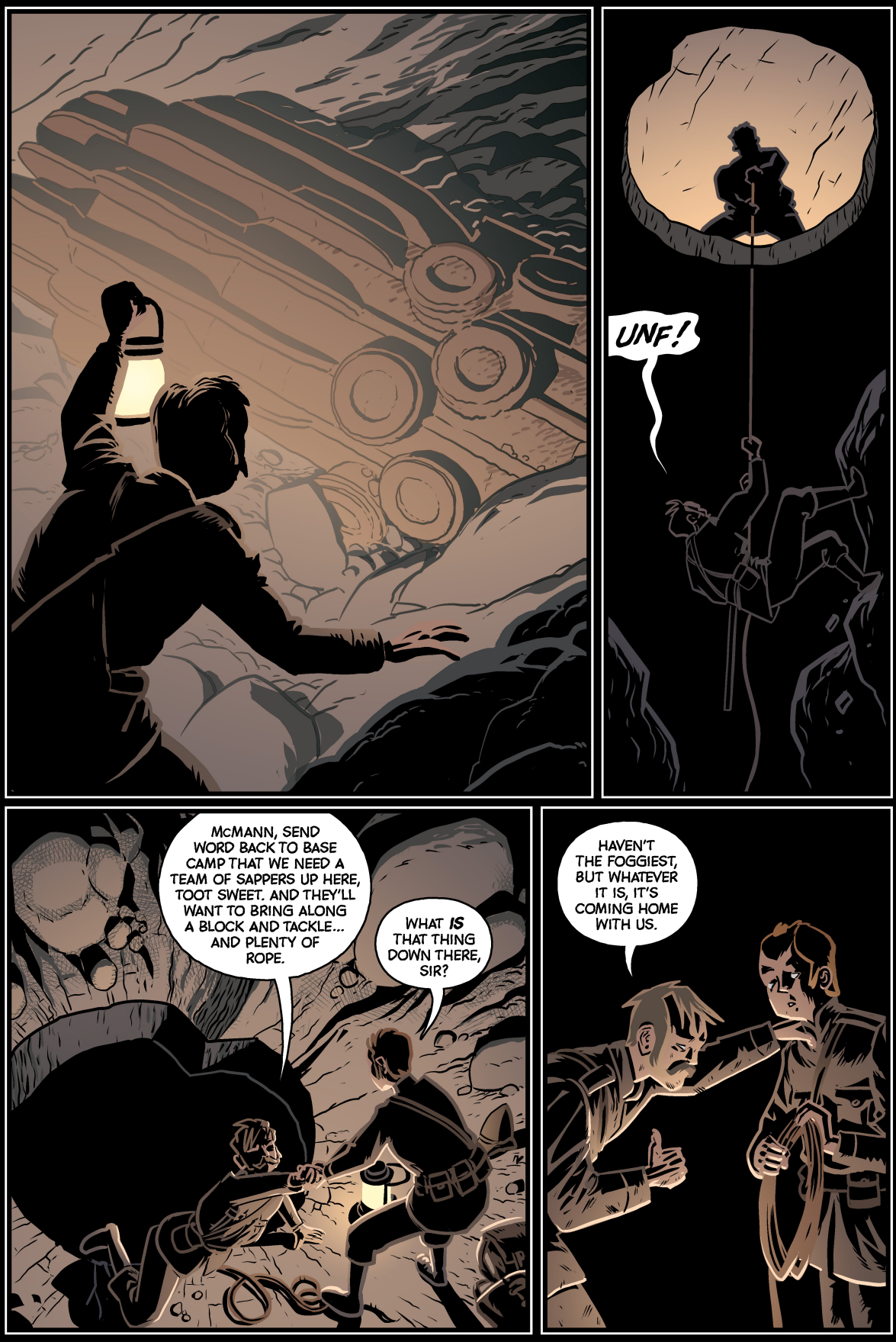

WELCOME TO THE *FOUNDRY.*


MUCH BETTER.
JUST A FEW MORE COMPONENTS AND A BIT OF FINE TUNING, AND THE ENGINE WILL FINALLY BE CAPABLE OF SUSTAINED OPERATION.
THIS DOESN'T SEEM RIGHT, SIR.
I MEAN, WHAT IF SOMEONE ELSE GETS HURT? I DON'T KNOW THAT I CAN...
TAKE HEART, MISS ASHTON. SACRIFICES OFTENTIMES MUST BE MADE, AND CORNERS CUT ALONG THE WAY, BUT IT IS ALL TO THE GREATER GOOD.
AND REMEMBER, THERE IS ALWAYS A PRICE TO BE PAID FOR PROGRESS.

CHAPTER TWO

KHYBER PASS, AFGHANISTAN, 1879.
ALL RIGHT, YOU LOT. THE REST OF YOU ESTABLISH A PERIMETER.
McMANN, YOU'RE WITH ME.
YES, SIR.
DAMN THE LUCK. FOURTH CAVE WE'VE CHECKED TODAY, AND STILL NO SIGN OF THOSE REBELS.
COLONEL BURKE!
RUMBLE
AAAH!


AAAAH!
OOF!
THUD
COLONEL BURKE, SIR! CAN YOU HEAR ME?
I'M STILL BREATHING, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU MEAN. NOW HANG ON A TICK WHILE I--
BLOODY HELL.


UNF!
McMANN, SEND WORD BACK TO BASE CAMP THAT WE NEED A TEAM OF SAPPERS UP HERE, TOOT SWEET. AND THEY'LL WANT TO BRING ALONG A BLOCK AND TACKLE... AND PLENTY OF ROPE.
WHAT *IS* THAT THING DOWN THERE, SIR?
HAVEN'T THE FOGGIEST, BUT WHATEVER IT IS, IT'S COMING HOME WITH US.

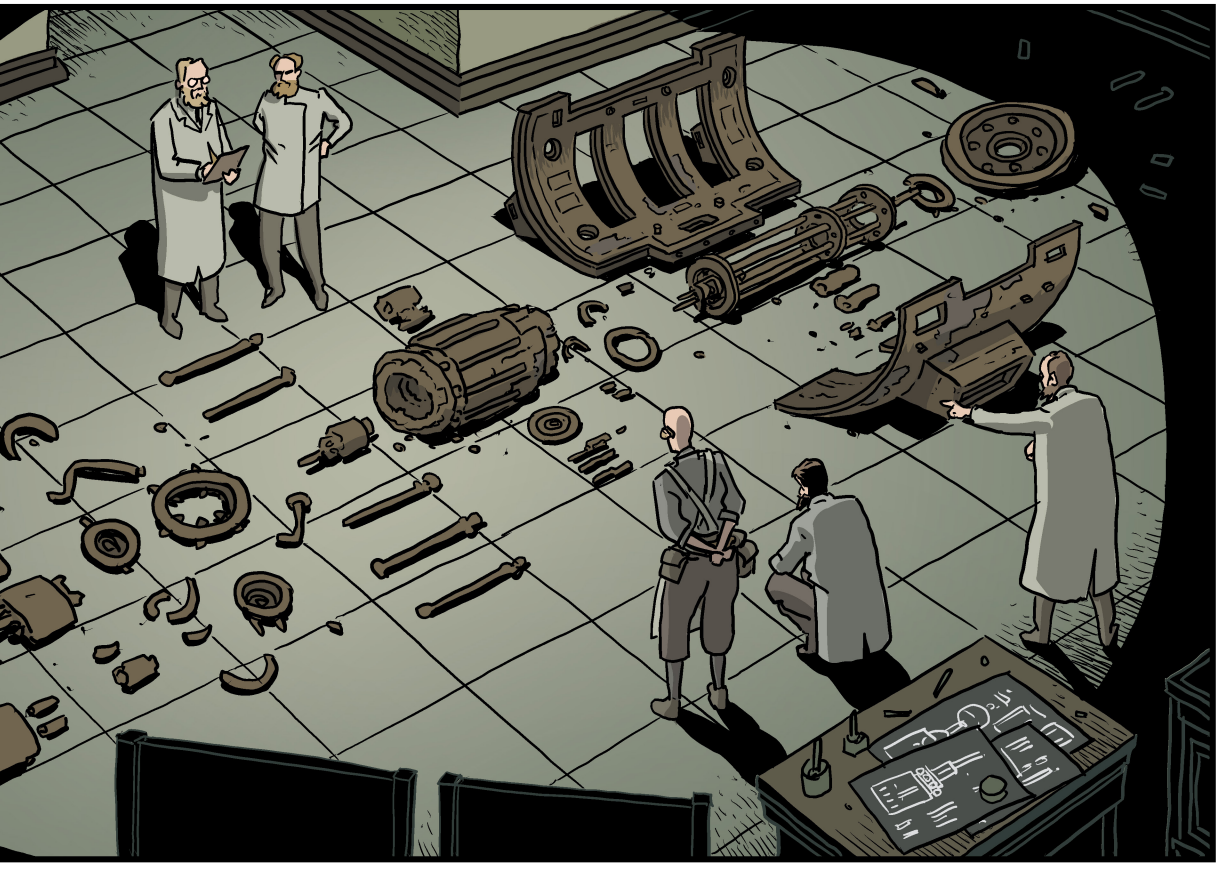
THE FOUNDRY, OCTOBER 1884.
AND BRING IT HOME, WE DID. BUT DAMNED IF ANY OF THE HISTORIANS OR ARCHAEOLOGISTS I SHOWED IT TO COULD MAKE HEADS OR TAILS OF IT.
PROFESSOR MADDOX HERE WAS WITH UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON AT THE TIME, AND TOOK A KEEN INTEREST IN THE ARTIFACT.
YES, IT PRESENTED THE MOST FASCINATING CONUNDRUM.
CLEARLY OF ANCIENT ORIGIN, THERE WAS REMARKABLE SOPHISTICATION TO ITS DESIGN, SO IT MUST HAVE BEEN THE PRODUCT OF SOME LOST CIVILIZATION.
AND WHILE THE ORIGINAL PURPOSE OF THE MECHANISM REMAINED A MYSTERY, ASPECTS OF ITS CONSTRUCTION COULD BE ADAPTED FOR MODERN USE.
SO I SEE.

AND I WASN'T THE ONLY ONE TO RETURN HOME WITH AN INEXPLICABLE CURIOSITY OF ENGINEERING OR SCIENTIFIC INTEREST.
MAJOR SINGH HERE WAS WITH THE SECOND BENGAL CAVALRY AT KAFR EL DAWWAR WHEN HE STUMBLED UPON A GANG OF TOMB ROBBERS WITH A CERTAIN ODD ITEM IN THEIR TAKINGS.
JUST SO.
I KNEW THE BALLY THING WASN'T EGYPTIAN, THOUGH THE BRIGADIER GENERAL VERY NEARLY HAD ME CASHIERED OUT OF THE SERVICE FOR SAYING SO.
IF THE SECRETS OF THESE ANCIENT TECHNOLOGIES COULD BE UNLOCKED, JUST IMAGINE HOW IT MIGHT BENEFIT THE EMPIRE.
THERE WERE ENOUGH OF US PULLING IN THE SAME DIRECTION AFTER A FEW YEARS THAT SOME WAGS JOKED WE SHOULD FORM OUR OWN CLUB.
BUT THE QUEEN HERSELF TOOK AN ACTIVE INTEREST IN OUR ACTIVITIES, AND COMMISSIONED A HAND-PICKED GROUP OF US TO WORK TOGETHER IN SECRET.
AND SO THE FOUNDRY WAS BORN.

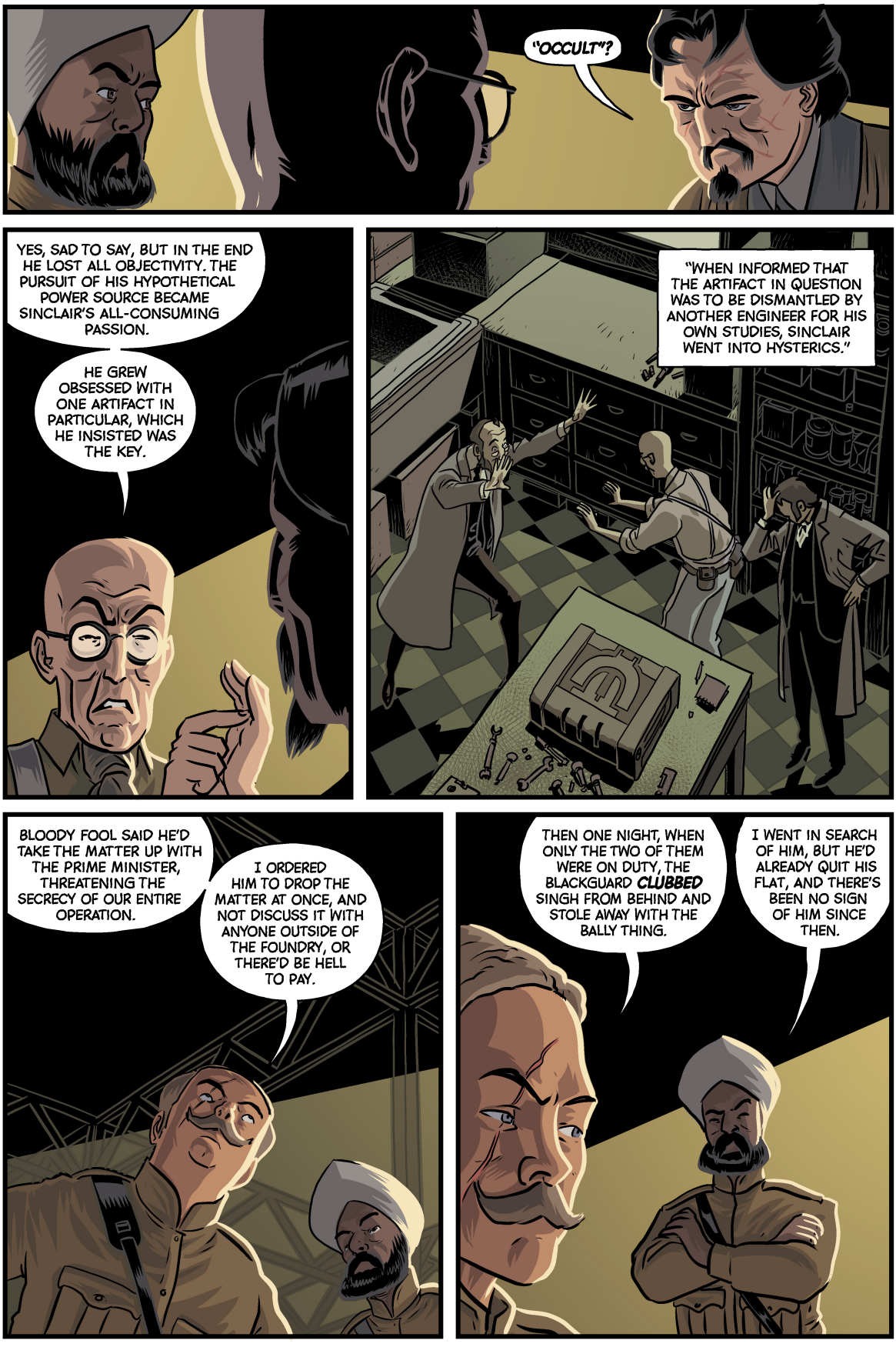
"OUR EXPEDITIONARY DETACHMENT SCOURS THE GLOBE FOR STILL MORE UNDISCOVERED ARTIFACTS, NO MATTER HOW REMOTE OR INHOSPITABLE THE LOCALE.

"AND HERE AT THE FOUNDRY ***PROPER,*** PROFESSOR MADDOX AND OUR TEAM OF RESEARCHERS PUZZLE OUT THE SECRETS OF THE ANCIENTS FOR OUR OWN APPLICATION.

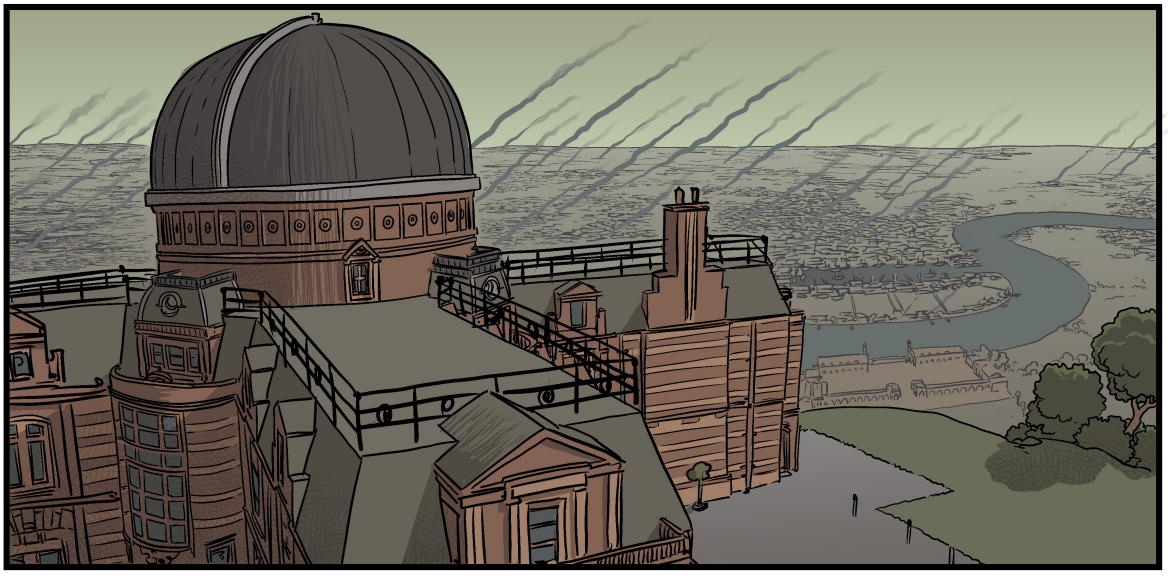
"OF COURSE, ALONG THE WAY WE'RE OFTEN CALLED UPON TO PROVIDE OTHER SERVICES OF A...CLANDESTINE NATURE, AT HER MAJESTY'S PERSONAL REQUEST."

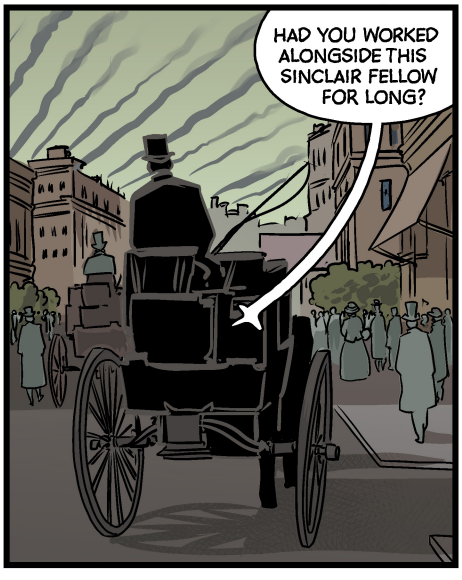


THIS IS ALL TERRIBLY INTERESTING, GENTLEMEN. BUT I HAVE OTHER DEMANDS ON MY TIME, SO I WONDER WHETHER WE MIGHT GET ON TO THE MATTER AT HAND?
I'VE BEEN INFORMED THERE WAS RECENTLY A THEFT OF A SENSITIVE ITEM FROM THE PREMISES?
AH, YES. ONE OF OUR ENGINEERS, A RUM SORT AT THE BEST OF TIMES, TOOK ON SOME ODD NOTIONS IN RECENT MONTHS.
ALDOUS MIDDENGARD SINCLAIR WAS BRILLIANT, OBSESSED WITH IMPROVING UPON STEAM-POWERED LOCOMOTIVES, WHICH HE CONSIDERS OUTDATED AND OBSOLETE.
EVEN AFTER JOINING US, IT CONTINUED TO BE HIS GUIDING OBSESSION. PERHAPS THAT'S WHAT LED HIM TO BUTT HEADS SO OFTEN WITH ME AND THE OTHERS.
YOU SEE, THE REST OF US ARE INTERESTED ONLY IN THE MECHANICAL ASPECTS OF THESE ARTIFACTS, AND HOW THEY CAN BE ADAPTED TO MODERN MACHINES.
"BUT SINCLAIR WAS OBSESSED WITH THE QUESTION OF HOW THE ANCIENTS POWERED THEIR MACHINES IN THE DAYS BEFORE THE DISCOVERY OF STEAM AND ELECTRICITY."
HIS INVESTIGATIONS LED HIM IN... UNORTHODOX DIRECTIONS.
BLOODY FOOL GOT MIXED UP WITH ***ALL MANNER*** OF MYSTICS AND OCCULT CRACKPOTS.


"OCCULT"?
YES, SAD TO SAY, BUT IN THE END HE LOST ALL OBJECTIVITY. THE PURSUIT OF HIS HYPOTHETICAL POWER SOURCE BECAME SINCLAIR'S ALL-CONSUMING PASSION.
HE GREW OBSESSED WITH ONE ARTIFACT IN PARTICULAR, WHICH HE INSISTED WAS THE KEY.
"WHEN INFORMED THAT THE ARTIFACT IN QUESTION WAS TO BE DISMANTLED BY ANOTHER ENGINEER FOR HIS OWN STUDIES, SINCLAIR WENT INTO HYSTERICS."
BLOODY FOOL SAID HE'D TAKE THE MATTER UP WITH THE PRIME MINISTER, THREATENING THE SECRECY OF OUR ENTIRE OPERATION.
I ORDERED HIM TO DROP THE MATTER AT ONCE, AND NOT DISCUSS IT WITH ANYONE OUTSIDE OF THE FOUNDRY, OR THERE'D BE HELL TO PAY.
THEN ONE NIGHT, WHEN ONLY THE TWO OF THEM WERE ON DUTY, THE BLACKGUARD CLUBBED SINGH FROM BEHIND AND STOLE AWAY WITH THE BALLY THING.
I WENT IN SEARCH OF HIM, BUT HE'D ALREADY QUIT HIS FLAT, AND THERE'S BEEN NO SIGN OF HIM SINCE THEN.

THESE "MYSTICS AND OCCULT CRACKPOTS" THAT YOU MENTION. WHO WERE THEY, EXACTLY?
CAN'T SAY FOR CERTAIN. NEVER HAD ANY DEALINGS WITH THEM DIRECTLY. BUT JUDGING BY HOW SINCLAIR DESCRIBED THEM, THEY WERE LUNATICS TO A MAN.
TO HIS CREDIT, HE DID INSIST THAT THEY WERE SCIENTISTS, OF A SORT. SAID THAT THEY USED "THE ELECTRIC EYE OF SCIENCE TO INVESTIGATE THE GREATER MYSTERIES."
OF COURSE.
I BELIEVE I KNOW PRECISELY *WHICH* LUNATICS HE WAS COMMUNICATING WITH. I'LL PAY THEM A VISIT, SEE WHAT THEY KNOW ABOUT ALL OF THIS.
YOU HAVE HER MAJESTY'S CONFIDENCE, GREY, AND I ABIDE BY HER DECISION TO BRING YOU IN ON THIS MATTER.
BUT I MUST REMIND YOU THAT THIS REMAINS FOUNDRY BUSINESS, SO I'D PREFER IT IF ONE OF OUR OWN WERE TO ACCOMPANY YOU.
I HAVE NO PRESSING DUTIES.
BY ALL MEANS, GENTLEMEN. I WELCOME THE ASSISTANCE.




HAD YOU WORKED ALONGSIDE THIS SINCLAIR FELLOW FOR LONG?

A FEW YEARS, BUT WE SELDOM INTERACTED. I SPEND MUCH OF MY TIME IN THE FIELD, ON ONE ERRAND OR ANOTHER.
THOUGH I MUST CONFESS THAT I NEVER TOOK HIM FOR ONE TO STRIKE A FELLOW FROM BEHIND.

MORE FOOL ***ME,*** I SUPPOSE. BUT THAT'S A MISTAKE I'LL NOT MAKE A SECOND TIME.

IT'S BEEN MY EXPERIENCE THAT WE NEVER KNOW WHAT OUR FELLOW MAN IS CAPABLE OF UNTIL AFTER THE FACT.

UNIVERSAL TEMPLE OF THE HELIOPIC BROTHERHOOD OF RA, PICCADILLY.
...THIS IS AN UNEXPECTED SURPRISE.
IS IT TOO MUCH TO HOPE THAT YOU'VE FINALLY COME TO YOUR SENSES AND ACCEPTED OUR INVITATION TO JOIN THE BROTHERHOOD, SIR EDWARD?
WE COULD USE A MAN OF YOUR TALENTS, AND I'M CERTAIN THAT YOU WOULD BENEFIT FROM THE ASSOCIATION IMMEASURABLY.
NO, SWAIN. FAR FROM IT.
BUT YOU AND I HAVE HAD COMMON CAUSE IN THE PAST, AND MAJOR SINGH AND I COME IN THE HOPES THAT WE MIGHT DO AGAIN.

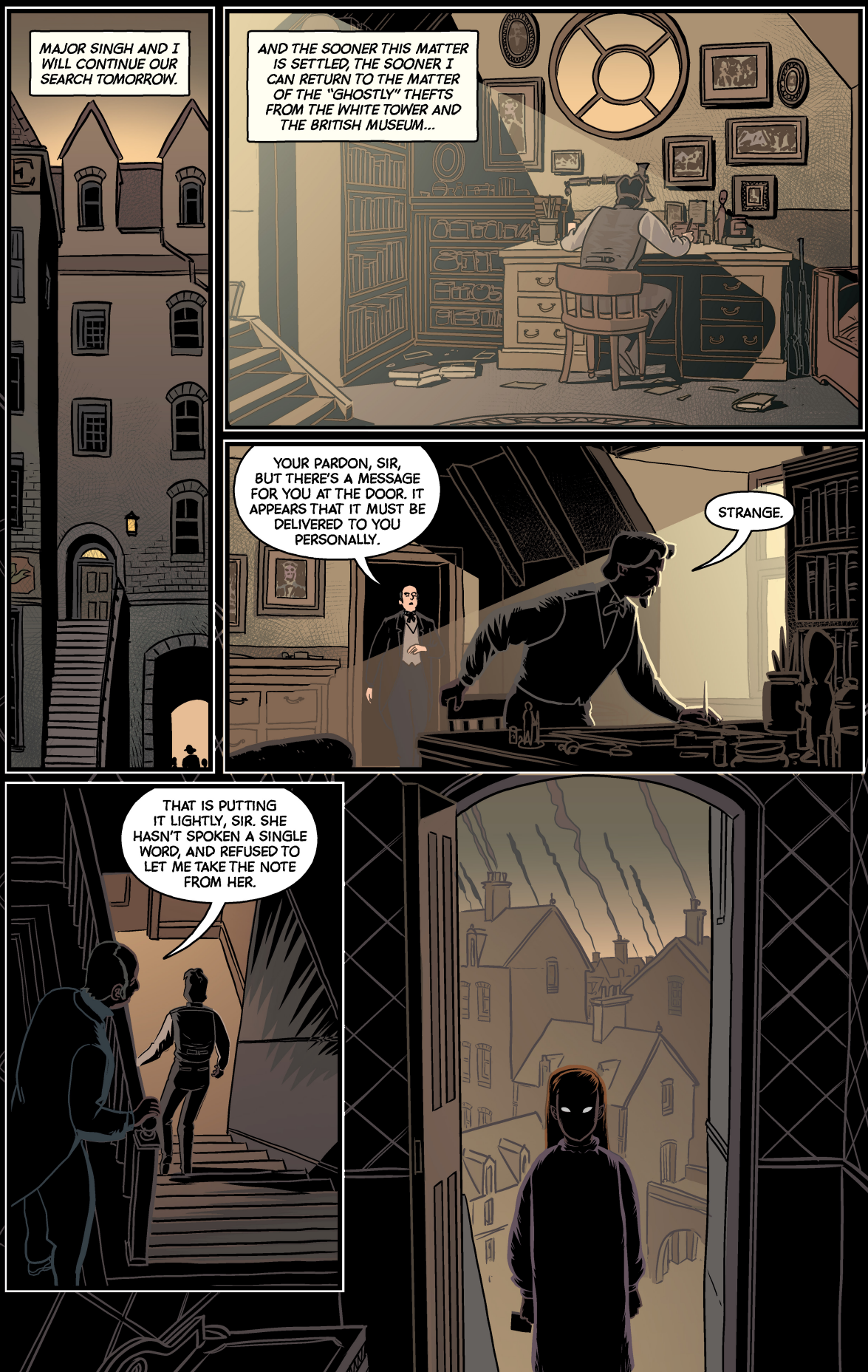
HOW INTRIGUING.
TELL ME, WHAT IS THE MATTER AT HAND?
WE ARE AT PRESENT IN SEARCH OF A MISSING INDIVIDUAL WHO WE BELIEVE HAS BEEN IN COMMUNICATION WITH MEMBERS OF THE H.B.R.
THE MAN IN QUESTION WAS AN ASSOCIATE OF MAJOR SINGH, BEFORE THEY... HAD A FALLING-OUT, SHALL WE SAY.
HE WAS EMPLOYED AS AN ENGINEER AT A FIRM WHERE I PROVIDE SECURITY.
MOST INTRIGUING, INDEED. AND WHO MIGHT THIS MISSING ENGINEER BE?
ALDOUS MIDDENGARD SINCLAIR.

THIS INTERVIEW IS AT AN END.
I'M SORRY, GENTLEMEN, BUT I WILL NOT BE ABLE TO ASSIST YOU. GOOD DAY TO YOU BOTH.
SWAIN, DO YOU KNOW--?
I SAID GOOD DAY, SIR.

HARDLY THE BEHAVIOR OF A MAN WHO HAS NOTHING TO HIDE, WOULDN'T YOU SAY?

I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT AUGUST SWAIN AND HIS BLOODY "BROTHERHOOD" WOULD BE MIXED UP IN THIS BUSINESS.

IF THEY'VE ANYTHING TO DO WITH YOUR MISSING MAN, MAJOR, I ASSURE YOU THAT THEY WILL BE HELD TO ACCOUNT.


MAJOR SINGH AND I WILL CONTINUE OUR SEARCH TOMORROW.
AND THE SOONER THIS MATTER IS SETTLED, THE SOONER I CAN RETURN TO THE MATTER OF THE "GHOSTLY" THEFTS FROM THE WHITE TOWER AND THE BRITISH MUSEUM...
YOUR PARDON, SIR, BUT THERE'S A MESSAGE FOR YOU AT THE DOOR. IT APPEARS THAT IT MUST BE DELIVERED TO YOU PERSONALLY.
STRANGE.
THAT IS PUTTING IT LIGHTLY, SIR. SHE HASN'T SPOKEN A SINGLE WORD, AND REFUSED TO LET ME TAKE THE NOTE FROM HER.

WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT, THEN?
Your presence is requested at Glaven Manor at your earliest possible convenience.
!
WHO SENT YOU, GIRL?
WHO GAVE YOU THIS MESSAGE?

HUH?
WHERE...?
YOU'RE ≥SOB≤ HURTING ME!
IT'S ALL RIGHT, LITTLE ONE.
BAILEY, INFORM THE COOK THAT SHE NEEDN'T BOTHER WITH DINNER.
IT APPEARS THAT I'LL BE OUT THIS EVENING.
AS YOU SAY, SIR.

GLAREN MANOR.
KNOCK KNOCK
SHE SAID THAT I SHOULD EXPECT YOU AT THIS HOUR.
NO IDEA WHY I HAD ANY REASON TO DOUBT HER.
LORD GLAREN...?
BUT YOU'RE... YOU'RE DEAD.

MY ELDER BROTHER ADAM IS DEAD, THANK YOU VERY MUCH, BUT I THINK YOU'LL FIND THAT I HAVE NOT SHUFFLED OFF THIS MORTAL COIL JUST YET, SIR.
NOW ARE YOU COMING IN OR ARE YOU NOT?
AH, SO YOU'D BE MICHAEL GLAREN, THEN. I'M SORRY, BUT THE RESEMBLANCE IS REMARKABLE.
I HEARD A KNOCK AT THE DOOR...
I'VE SEEN TO IT, PERCY. GO ABOUT YOUR BUSINESS.
NOW, SIR EDWARD, IF YOU'LL FOLLOW ME.
I WILL, IF YOU WOULD KINDLY EXPLAIN WHAT I AM DOING HERE. IS THIS TO DO WITH MY VISIT TO THE UNIVERSAL TEMPLE EARLIER TODAY?

I'M SURE THAT I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN.
YOU ARE HERE BECAUSE ***SHE*** WISHES TO SEE YOU, THOUGH DON'T ASK ME HOW SHE MANAGED TO ARRANGE IT.

I THOUGHT YOUR "QUEEN" HAD GONE WEST TO AMERICA.

WHAT? OH, TEFNUT TRIONIS IS IN CANADA, ACTUALLY, BUT THAT'S NOT THE LADY OF WHOM I WAS SPEAKING.

SHE'S RIGHT THROUGH HERE.
OH, MY.

SIR EDWARD GREY, I PRESUME.

I...YES, I AM.
AND WITH WHOM DO I HAVE THE PLEASURE OF SPEAKING?

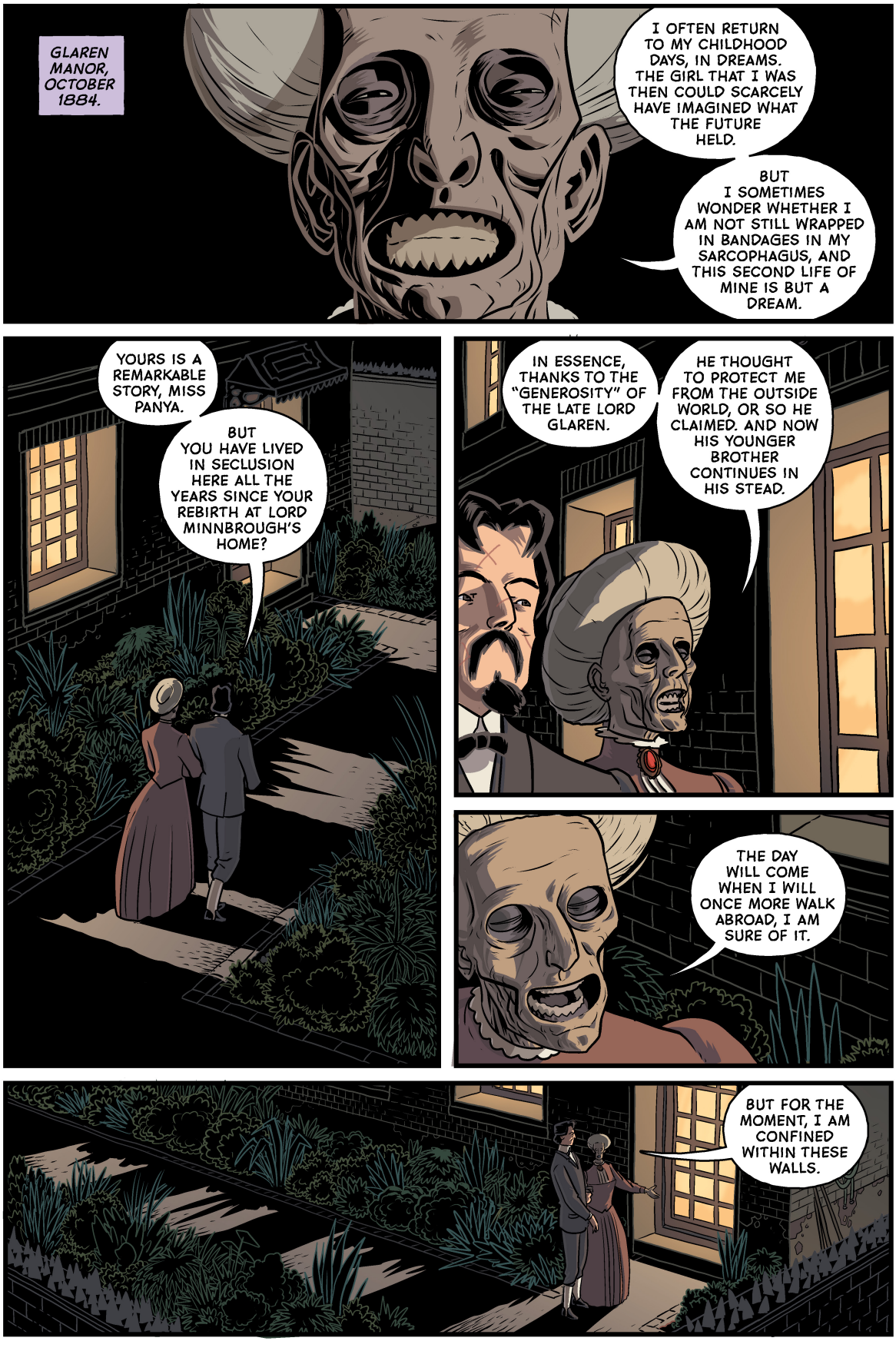
MY NAME IS PANYA, AND I HAVE BEEN WAITING TO MEET YOU FOR A LONG TIME.
A VERY LONG TIME, INDEED.

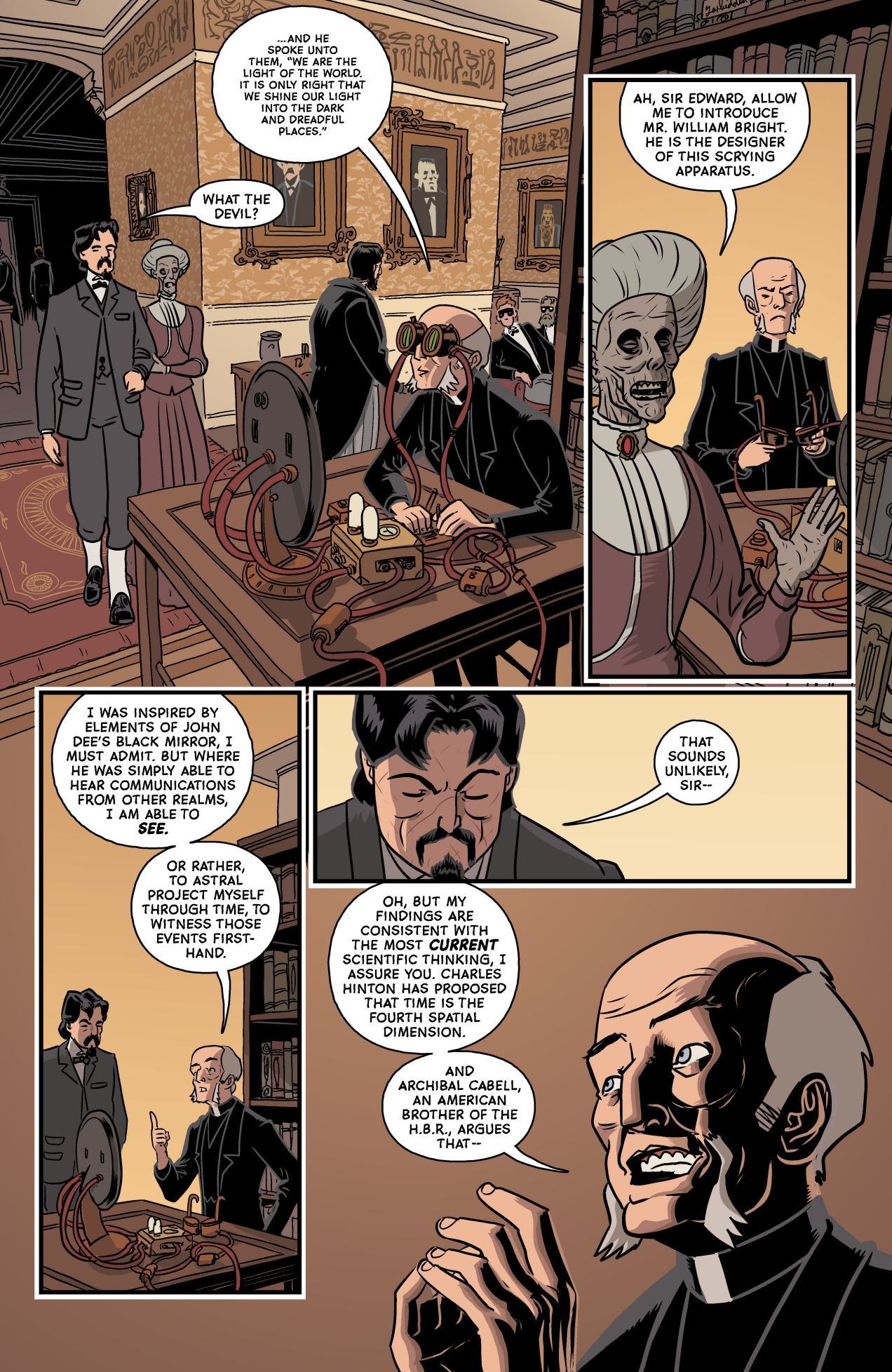
CHAPTER THREE

<TRANSLATED FROM MIDDLE EGYPTIAN>

<EVERYTHING IS FINE, OLABISI, DO NOT WORRY.>
MRRROW
<EVERYTHING WILL NOT BE FINE, YOUNG PANYA, BUT YOUR FATHER IS TOO BLINDED BY HIS DEVOTION TO THE PHARAOH'S CULT TO SEE IT.>
<YOU ARE...WHAT, TEN SUMMERS OLD? YOU WERE NO DOUBT BORN HERE IN THIS HORRID PLACE.>
<ELEVEN SUMMERS.>
<BUT YES, THIS IS WHERE I WAS BORN.>
<THEN AT LEAST YOU HAVE AN EXCUSE FOR YOUR IGNORANCE, UNLIKE YOUR FATHER.>

<MOST MEN CAN SEE NO FURTHER THAN THE END OF THEIR OWN NOSE. AT LEAST AKHENATEN HAS THE AMBITION TO REACH BEYOND HIS GRASP.>
<BUT ***NONE*** OF YOU UNDERSTAND THE ***TRUE*** NATURE OF THE HEAVENLY FIRE THAT HE HAS NAMED THE *"ATEN."*>
<ONE CANNOT ***HOPE*** TO BREAK THROUGH THE FIERY GATES OF HEAVEN AND ***NOT*** BE BURNED.>
<AS IF YOUR LIVES WERE NOT PITIFULLY BRIEF ENOUGH ALREADY...>
<COME, WE ARE ***LEAVING*** THIS PLACE.>


GLAREN MANOR, OCTOBER 1884.
I OFTEN RETURN TO MY CHILDHOOD DAYS, IN DREAMS. THE GIRL THAT I WAS THEN COULD SCARCELY HAVE IMAGINED WHAT THE FUTURE HELD.
BUT I SOMETIMES WONDER WHETHER I AM NOT STILL WRAPPED IN BANDAGES IN MY SARCOPHAGUS, AND THIS SECOND LIFE OF MINE IS BUT A DREAM.
YOURS IS A REMARKABLE STORY, MISS PANYA.
BUT YOU HAVE LIVED IN SECLUSION HERE ALL THE YEARS SINCE YOUR REBIRTH AT LORD MINNBROUGH'S HOME?
IN ESSENCE, THANKS TO THE "GENEROSITY" OF THE LATE LORD GLAREN.
HE THOUGHT TO PROTECT ME FROM THE OUTSIDE WORLD, OR SO HE CLAIMED. AND NOW HIS YOUNGER BROTHER CONTINUES IN HIS STEAD.
THE DAY WILL COME WHEN I WILL ONCE MORE WALK ABROAD, I AM SURE OF IT.
BUT FOR THE MOMENT, I AM CONFINED WITHIN THESE WALLS.

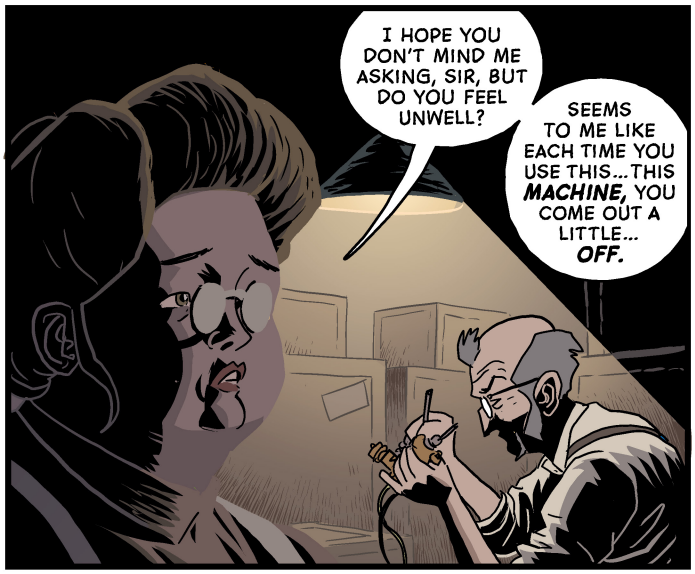

...AND HE SPOKE UNTO THEM, "WE ARE THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD. IT IS ONLY RIGHT THAT WE SHINE OUR LIGHT INTO THE DARK AND DREADFUL PLACES."
WHAT THE DEVIL?
AH, SIR EDWARD, ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MR. WILLIAM BRIGHT. HE IS THE DESIGNER OF THIS SCRYING APPARATUS.
I WAS INSPIRED BY ELEMENTS OF JOHN DEE'S BLACK MIRROR, I MUST ADMIT. BUT WHERE HE WAS SIMPLY ABLE TO HEAR COMMUNICATIONS FROM OTHER REALMS, I AM ABLE TO ***SEE.***
OR RATHER, TO ASTRAL PROJECT MYSELF THROUGH TIME, TO WITNESS THOSE EVENTS FIRST-HAND.
THAT SOUNDS UNLIKELY, SIR--
OH, BUT MY FINDINGS ARE CONSISTENT WITH THE MOST ***CURRENT*** SCIENTIFIC THINKING, I ASSURE YOU. CHARLES HINTON HAS PROPOSED THAT TIME IS THE FOURTH SPATIAL DIMENSION.
AND ARCHIBAL CABELL, AN AMERICAN BROTHER OF THE H.B.R., ARGUES THAT--

I'M SURE MR. BRIGHT WOULD LIKE TO GET BACK TO IT. WE SHOULD LEAVE HIM TO HIS WORK AND NOT BOTHER HIM ANY FURTHER.
OH, ALL RIGHT THEN...
YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE HIM, BUT HE HAS A TENDENCY TOWARD THE MONOMANIACAL.
GET HIM STARTED ON HIS PROPOSED ***TRUE SECRET HISTORY OF THE WORLD*** THAT HE'S COMPILING, AND YOU'LL NEVER HEAR THE END OF IT.
THIS IS ALL QUITE DIVERTING, MISS PANYA, BUT I'M SURE THAT YOU DIDN'T GO TO THE TROUBLE OF INVITING ME HERE SIMPLY TO GIVE ME THE TUPPENCE TOUR.
AND SPEAKING OF WHICH, JUST WHO WAS THAT URCHIN CHILD WHO DELIVERED YOUR INVITATION?
NO ONE OF CONSEQUENCE. BUT YOU ARE QUITE RIGHT THAT I HAVE MORE SERIOUS MATTERS TO DISCUSS WITH YOU.
THERE IS A MAN WHO POSES A SIGNIFICANT THREAT TO US ALL. I BELIEVE YOU ARE FAMILIAR WITH HIM?
HIS NAME IS ALDOUS MIDDENGARD SINCLAIR.

THERE HAS BEEN CONSIDERABLE STRIFE WITHIN THE HELIOPIC BROTHERHOOD SINCE TEFNUT TRIONIS DEPARTED FOR OTHER SHORES, RESULTING IN A STRUGGLE FOR LEADERSHIP.
RECENTLY, THE RIFTS DIVIDING THE ORDER GREW EVEN WIDER WHEN A HANDFUL OF MEMBERS TOOK IT UPON THEMSELVES TO REVEAL SOME OF THE GREATER MYSTERIES TO AN OUTSIDER.
SINCLAIR WAS INVESTIGATING THE SCIENTIFIC UNDERPINNINGS OF OCCULT TECHNOLOGIES, AND THESE OBSTREPEROUS BROTHERS WERE HAPPY TO OBLIGE HIM.
THIS WAS CONSIDERED BY MOST OF THE H.B.R. TO BE A SEVERE BREACH OF THEIR SWORN PROTOCOLS, AND THE RESULTING FUROR HAS NOT YET DIED DOWN.
AH, SO THAT EXPLAINS WHY AUGUST SWAIN WAS SO ENRAGED BY THE MENTION OF SINCLAIR'S NAME.
AND JUST WHAT WERE THE SECRETS REVEALED TO HIM, IF I MIGHT ASK?
I DO NOT KNOW, EXACTLY. HOWEVER, SEVERAL VALUABLE ARTIFACTS WERE SHOWN TO HIM AT THE UNIVERSAL TEMPLE WHICH HAVE SINCE GONE MISSING.
SIR EDWARD, I BELIEVE THAT SINCLAIR IS ATTEMPTING TO HARNESS ENERGIES FAR BEYOND HIS CONTROL-- TO WHAT END I AM NOT SURE.

BUT I *AM* SURE THAT IF HE IS NOT STOPPED, IT COULD MEAN THE DEATH OF COUNTLESS INNOCENTS, OURSELVES AMONG THEM.
I DO NOT KNOW WHERE SINCLAIR MAY BE FOUND-- BUT FIND HIM YOU MUST.
THERE ARE DARK TIMES AHEAD. AT THE END OF ALL THINGS, A GREAT DRAGON WILL RISE OVER THIS GREEN AND PLEASANT LAND.
I ONLY HOPE THAT THOSE DAYS ARE NOT ALREADY UPON US.

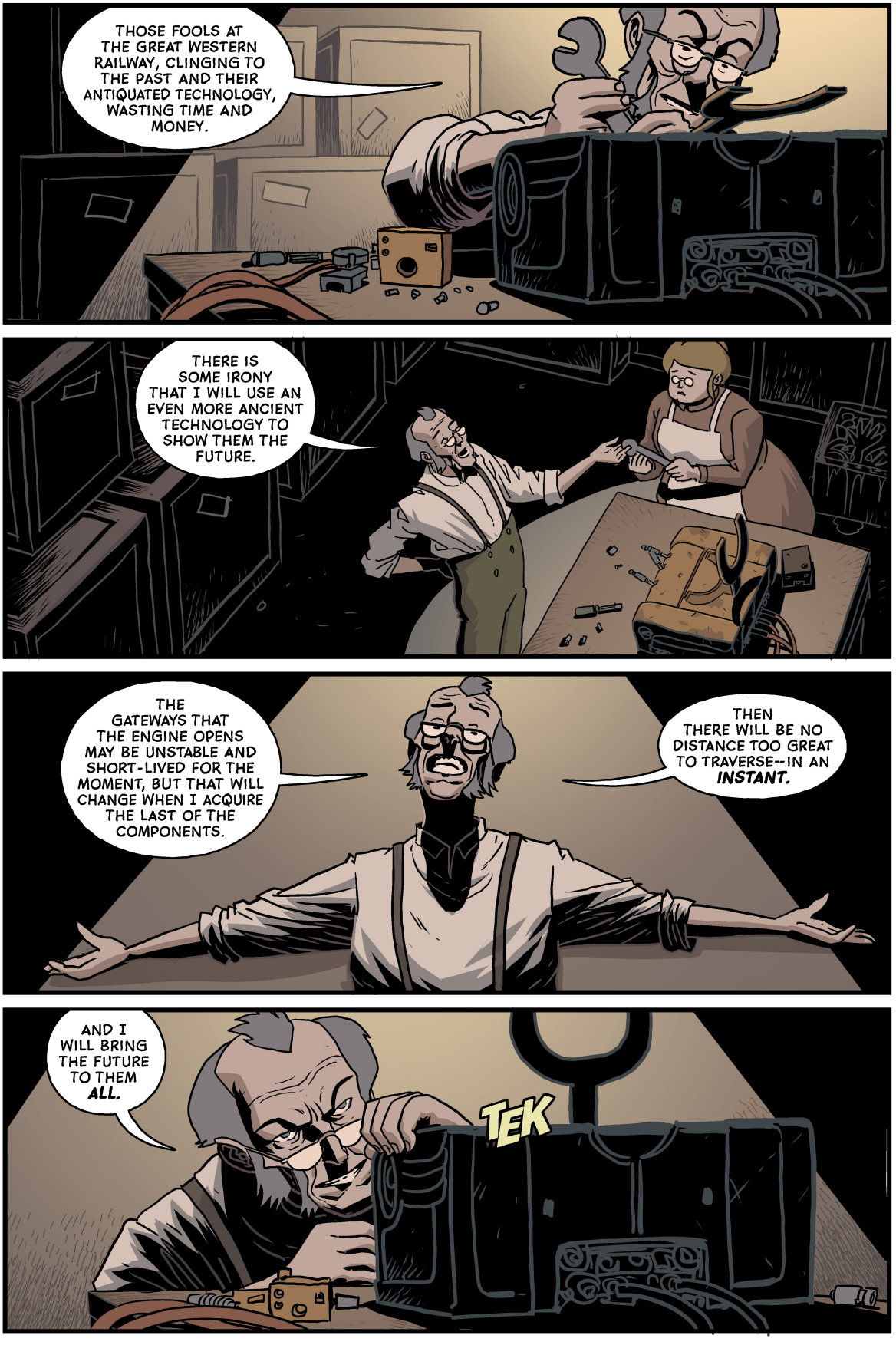
BUT I DO NOT ASK FOR YOUR HELP WITHOUT OFFERING SOMETHING IN RETURN. I BELIEVE THIS WILL BE OF GREAT USE TO YOU.
THIS DAGGER WAS FORGED MILLENNIA AGO BY A MONK OF THE LIPU MONASTERY IN TIBET.
IT IS SAID TO BE BLESSED BY THE MANY-ARMED GODDESS DURGA, AND PROOF AGAINST DEMONS. I CANNOT HELP BUT THINK THAT MIGHT BE USEFUL IN THE MATTER AT HAND.
INDEED. AND WHY DO I GET THE IMPRESSION YOU KNOW MORE THAN YOU'RE TELLING, MISS PANYA?
WHY, SIR EDWARD, I'M SURE I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN.

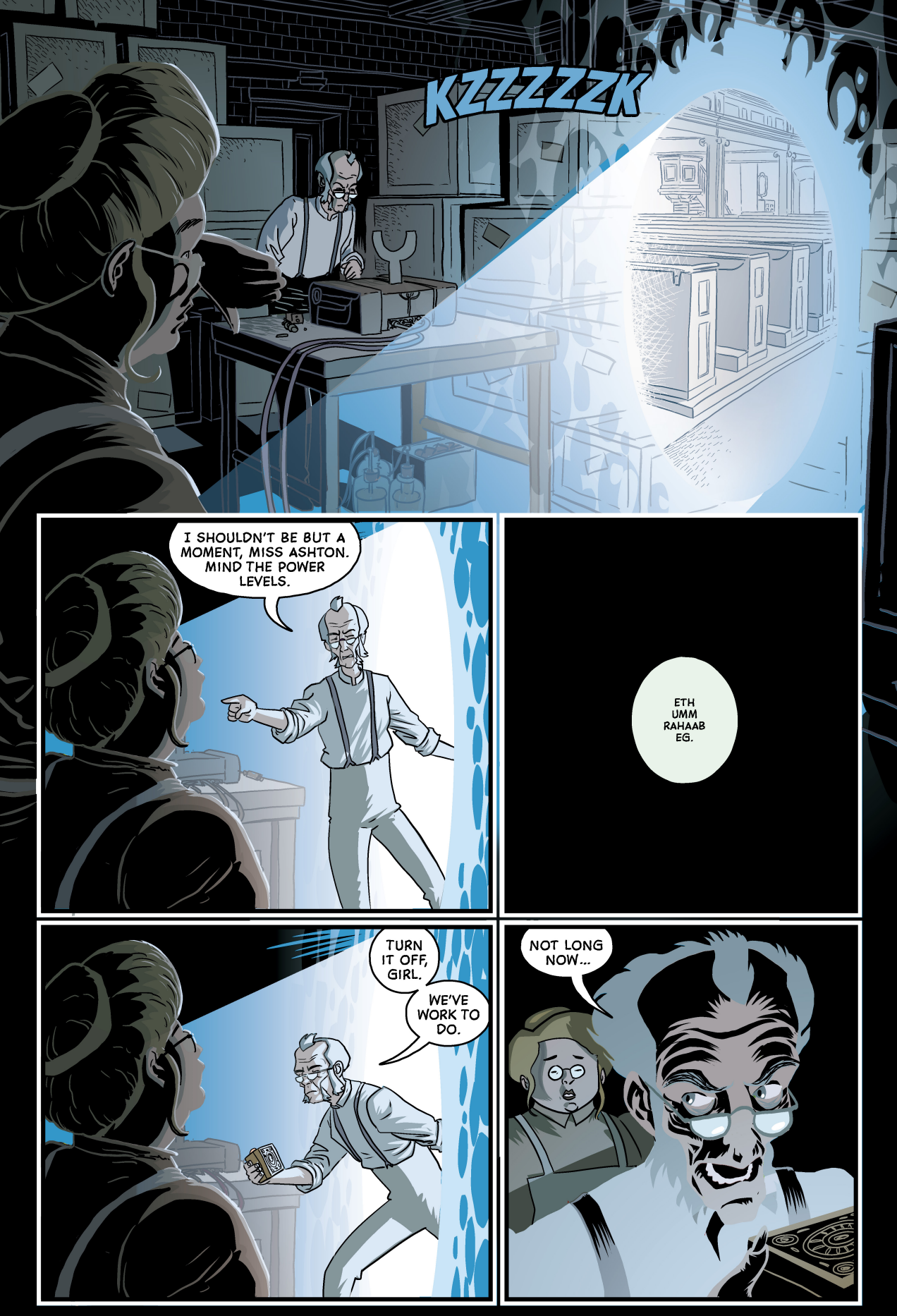

I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND ME ASKING, SIR, BUT DO YOU FEEL UNWELL?
SEEMS TO ME LIKE EACH TIME YOU USE THIS...THIS MACHINE, YOU COME OUT A LITTLE... OFF.

NONSENSE. I'M FIT AS A FIDDLE. AND AS IT HAPPENS, I DO MIND YOU ASKING.

YOU SHOULD SPEND LESS TIME FAFFING ABOUT, AND KEEP YOUR MIND ON YOUR WORK.
SEEMS TO ME THAT A GIRL LIKE YOURSELF SHOULD BE GRATEFUL TO HAVE THE HONOR OF WORKING ON A PROJECT OF HISTORIC IMPORTANCE.

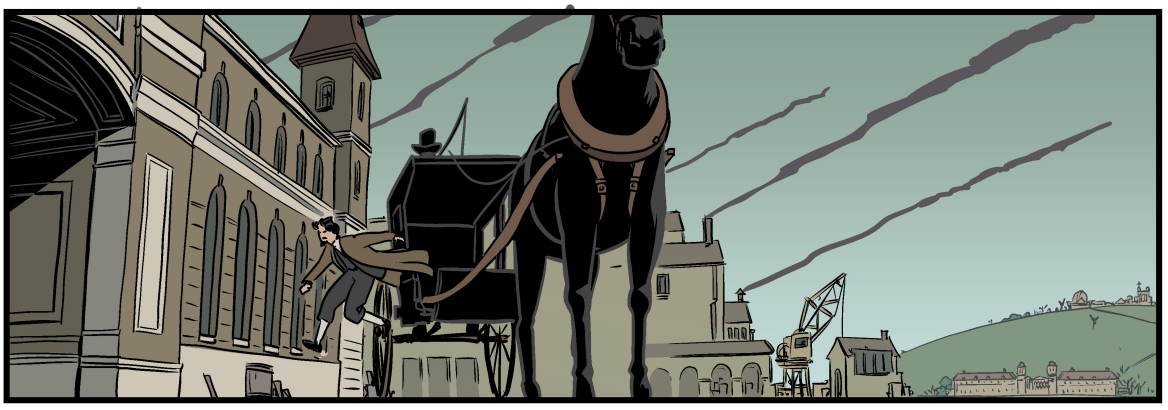
WOULDN'T EVEN BE HERE IF I COULD FIND WORK IN ANY RESPECTABLE LABORATORY...


THOSE FOOLS AT THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY, CLINGING TO THE PAST AND THEIR ANTIQUATED TECHNOLOGY, WASTING TIME AND MONEY.
THERE IS SOME IRONY THAT I WILL USE AN EVEN MORE ANCIENT TECHNOLOGY TO SHOW THEM THE FUTURE.
THE GATEWAYS THAT THE ENGINE OPENS MAY BE UNSTABLE AND SHORT-LIVED FOR THE MOMENT, BUT THAT WILL CHANGE WHEN I ACQUIRE THE LAST OF THE COMPONENTS.
THEN THERE WILL BE NO DISTANCE TOO GREAT TO TRAVERSE--IN AN ***INSTANT.***
AND I WILL BRING THE FUTURE TO THEM ***ALL.***
TEK


KZZZZZK
I SHOULDN'T BE BUT A MOMENT, MISS ASHTON. MIND THE POWER LEVELS.
ETH UMM RAHAAB EG.
TURN IT OFF, GIRL.
WE'VE WORK TO DO.
NOT LONG NOW...

ST. ANNE'S LIMEHOUSE.
OUR ROGER'S IN THE NICK AGAIN, BLESS HIM, CAUGHT PINCHING A JOINT OF BEEF FROM THE BUTCHER'S. BUT I MUST ADMIT, IT'S NICE HAVING THE FLAT ALL TO MESELF FOR A BIT--
SCRTCH
BLEEDIN' 'ELL!
STREWTH, BUT YOU GAVE US A FRIGHT.
SORRY, REVEREND, WE WERE JUST ON OUR WAY TO MARKET AND DIDN'T SEE YOU THERE IN THE--

YAAARGH!
AIIEEEE!
SCRUNTCH



SIR EDWARD, I WAS BEGINNING TO WORRY THAT YOU WOULDN'T COME.

SORRY TO BE DELAYED, BUT SOMETHING HAS COME UP REGARDING ANOTHER INVESTIGATION, WHICH I SUSPECT MIGHT BE CONNECTED TO THE SINCLAIR AFFAIR.
A THEFT IN THE NIGHT FROM ST. ANNE'S LIME-HOUSE, A MISSING PRIEST, AND A PAIR OF SAVAGE MURDERS IN THE NEAR VICINITY THAT MIGHT BE RELATED.

A WITNESS ALERTED BY THE SCREAMS SAYS THAT HE SAW TWO WOMEN BEING ATTACKED BY A "GHOUL," SO THE MURDERS MIGHT BE UNRELATED TO THE THEFT.
PERHAPS A BURIED VAMPIRE THAT WAS OVER-LOOKED IN OUR SWEEP THE YEAR BEFORE LAST, NOW RISEN AND PREYING ON THE LIVING.

VAMPIRES? I'VE FOUGHT MY SHARE OF MONSTERS IN MY TIME, BUT ALL OF THE STRICTLY HUMAN VARIETY. YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT THEY ARE REAL?
MORE THINGS IN HEAVEN AND EARTH, MAJOR SINGH...

...AND I SAY THERE'S NOTHING TO SUGGEST THAT THE WOMEN WEREN'T SIMPLY ATTACKED BY A PACK OF WILD DOGS. OCCAM'S RAZOR, SIMON.
EVER THE SKEPTIC, EH, HONORA? BUT HOW DO YOU ACCOUNT FOR THE--?
OH, I SAY, SIR EDWARD. WHAT A PLEASANT SURPRISE.
MAJOR SINGH, ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE PROFESSOR PRITCHARD, MR. BRUTTENHOLM, AND MISS GRANT, OF THE BRITISH PARANORMAL SOCIETY.
AT YOUR SERVICE.
WE HAVE CONTINUED OUR INVESTIGATIONS SINCE LAST WE SAW YOU AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM, AND WE BELIEVE THAT WE HAVE MADE MEASURABLE PROGRESS.
THERE IS A DISTINCT CORRELATION BETWEEN PARANORMAL SIGHTINGS AND THE THEFT OF ARTIFACTS OF UNKNOWN ORIGINS, AS YOU INDICATED.
BUT AS I CONTINUE TO REMIND MY COLLEAGUES, CORRELATION DOES NOT INDICATE CAUSATION. *"CUM HOC, ERGO PROPTER HOC,"* INDEED.

SIR EDWARD!
SIR EDWARD, YOU ARE A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES. YOU MUST COME WITH ME, RIGHT AWAY.
CONSTABLE PENBROOK, WAS IT? WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE MATTER?
TROUBLE AT THE STRANGERS' HOUSE, SIR. I WAS ON MY WAY TO GET REINFORCEMENTS, BUT...WELL, I THINK YOU'D BE MORE HELP THAN A SQUAD OF BOBBIES.
OF COURSE--LEAD THE WAY.
OH, THIS IS INTRIGUING.
WHAT SORT OF TROUBLE, CONSTABLE?
SIR EDWARD'S KIND...

STRANGERS' HOME FOR ASIATICS, AFRICANS, AND SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS, LIMEHOUSE.
IT'S THE PROVERBIAL TOWER OF BABEL...
GENTLEMEN, GENTLEMEN, PLEASE! IF YOU CARRY ON SHOUTING WE'LL NEVER GET ANYWHERE.
NOW, COULD SOMEONE KINDLY EXPLAIN--IN ENGLISH--WHAT THE MATTER IS?

MY NAME IS CHAO--I SAW IT, WITH MY OWN EYES.
WHAT DID YOU SEE, EXACTLY?
RISING UP OUT OF THE WATERS BY THE EAST INDIA DOCKS BEFORE DAWN.
THE DRAGON.
A DRAGON, IS IT?
YES. AND WE WILL NOT RETURN TO WORK UNTIL IT IS DEALT WITH.
GENTLEMEN, I WILL SEE TO THIS MATTER PERSONALLY.
BUT WHATEVER IT WAS YOU SAW, I AM CERTAIN THAT IT CANNOT HARM YOU.

I SAY, THIS IS EXCITING.
ONE IS MORE ACCUSTOMED TO REPORTS OF AQUATIC MONSTERS IN THE NORTH THAN HERE IN THE HEART OF LONDON.

REALLY? I'M INCLINED TO BELIEVE THAT IT WAS SOME MANNER OF SHARED HALLUCINATION, BROUGHT ON BY THAT BAD AIR IN THEIR SLEEPING QUARTERS.
AH, BUT WHAT OF THE *KELPIE* OF SCOTLAND, OR THE IRISH *EACH-UISCE?* SURELY THERE IS SOME BASIS FOR SUCH LEGENDS.

I THINK THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN HAS THE RIGHT OF IT. IN MY EXPERIENCE, MOST "MONSTERS" ARE BORN OF TAINTED BEER OR ERGOT-INFECTED GRAIN.

HAVE NONE OF YOU CONSIDERED THAT THEY MIGHT HAVE ENCOUNTERED SOME STRAIN OF DINOSAUR WHO SURVIVED UNDISCOVERED TO THE PRESENT?

OH, DON'T GAWP AT ME, I AM SERIOUS.

REALLY, HONORA, YOU SURPRISE ME.
SIMON, JUST BECAUSE I FIND FAULT WITH NEARLY EVERY ONE OF YOUR THEORIES DOESN'T MEAN THAT I MUST ALWAYS PLAY THE NAYSAYING SKEPTIC.
THIS WOULD APPEAR TO BE THE PLACE, BUT I DON'T SEE ANYTHING OUT OF THE ORDINARY.
I, FOR ONE, AM QUITE TAKEN BY MISS GRANT'S HYPOTHESIS. QUITE TAKEN, INDEED. IN FACT, IT COULD ACCOUNT FOR MANY OF THE AFOREMENTIONED FOLKLORIC ENCOUNTERS.
ONE CAN EASILY IMAGINE SOME PREHISTORIC BEAST SURVIVING THE EXTINCTION OF HIS BRETHREN, SAFE IN THE OCEAN'S DEPTHS OR WITHIN SOME SCOTTISH LOCH.
I DON'T RECALL EVER READING ABOUT A DINOSAUR LOOKING ANYTHING LIKE THAT.
BY JOVE...

UURRR...!
SNAP
BLAM
BACK, DAMNED THING!

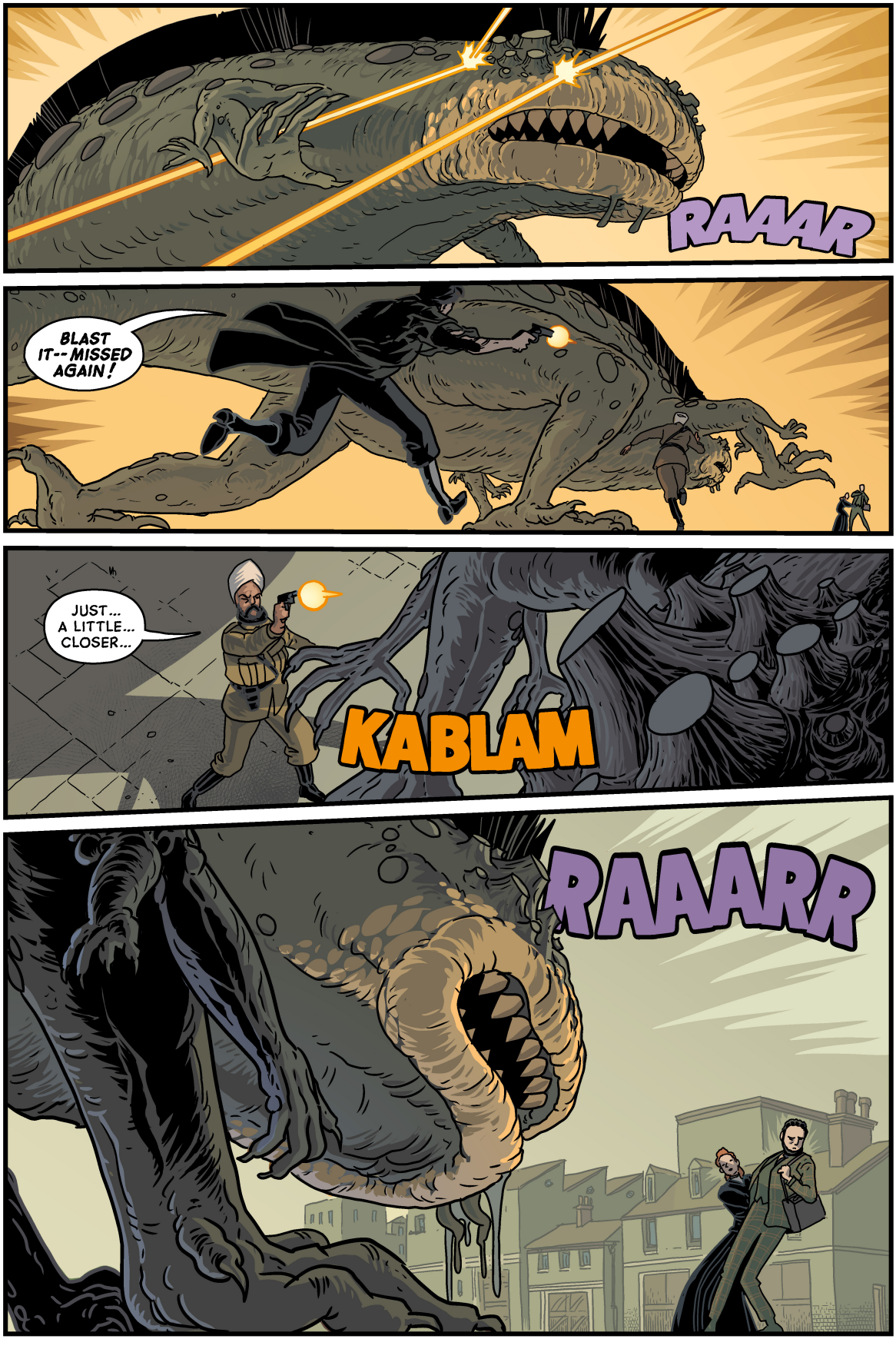
CHAPTER FOUR

BACK, DAMN YOU!
BLAM
PLING
RRAAAR

BLAM
RRAAAAR
GREY!
SLASH

I'LL DRAW IT AWAY, OLD MAN. PERHAPS SOMETHING WITH A BIT MORE STOPPING POWER IS IN ORDER.
MUST BE SOME-THING...
KABLAM
NEVER MIND THEM, BEASTIE. IT'S ME YOU WANT.
WHY, IT'S A CRESTED NEWT!
SIMON, DON'T BE DAFT, IT'S FAR TOO LARGE FOR--
THERE'LL BE TIME FOR ANALYSIS LATER.
KABLAM KABLAM
A-HA.

BLAM
KABLAM
KABLAM
IF THE HIDE IS BULLETPROOF, AIM FOR ITS BLOODY EYES!
BLAM
IT APPEARS TO BE AQUATIC, SO PERHAPS FLAMES WOULD SUFFICE--?
KABLAM
BLAM


RAAAR
BLAST IT--MISSED AGAIN!
JUST... A LITTLE... CLOSER...
KABLAM
RAAARR

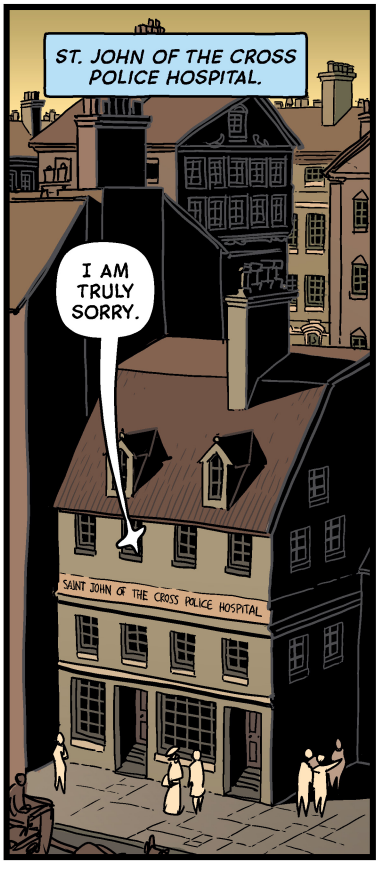
OH NO YOU DON'T!
SLURCH
AAAARRR
SLASH
URGH!
AAARR

SPLASH

PROFESSOR!

SIR?
COULDN'T... LET HARM... BEFALL YOU...

COME ALONG, QUICKLY. I HAVE FRIENDS WHO MAY BE ABLE TO HELP HIM.


ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS POLICE HOSPITAL.
I AM TRULY SORRY.
SAINT JOHN OF THE CROSS POLICE HOSPITAL

DOCTOR MANLEY AND I DID ALL THAT WE COULD, BUT I'M AFRAID THAT HE'D SIMPLY LOST TOO MUCH BLOOD.

...MANAGED TO KEEP IT OUT OF THE PAPERS, BUT WE'LL NEED TO BE READY SHOULD IT EMERGE ONCE MORE FROM THE WAVES.

MY...ASSOCIATES... INTEND TO HUNT FOR THE BEAST WITH A SUBMERSIBLE CRAFT OF OUR OWN DESIGN. THEY'LL SEE TO IT THAT NO ONE ELSE COMES TO HARM.

THANK ≥GRN≤ YOU FOR TRYING, SIR EDWARD.
YOUR DOCTOR FRIENDS SAY THAT THEY WERE AT LEAST ABLE TO EASE HIS SUFFERING, AT THE END.
MISTER BRUTTENHOLM, MISS GRANT, YOU HAVE MY SYMPATHIES. THAT WAS A BRAVE THING THE PROFESSOR DID.
YES, WELL... I THINK HE WOULD HAVE... WANTED US TO... ≥CHOKE≤
DAMN IT, HE WOULD HAVE WANTED US FIND WHOEVER IS BEHIND THIS BLOODY MESS AND GIVE HIM WHAT FOR!
WELL, THE SOONER I RETURN TO THE INVESTIGATION, THE SOONER WE'LL HAVE A SOLUTION.

SIR EDWARD, WAIT!
YOU MUST [illegible] LET US ASSIST YOU.
A MAN HAS DIED, DAMN IT, AND SOMEONE MUST PAY!
NOW, I APPRECIATE YOUR ENTHUSIASM, BUT THIS IS OFFICIAL BUSINESS--
NO, YOU HOLD ON. OUR FRIEND AND MENTOR IS DEAD BECAUSE OF THIS DAMNABLE BUSINESS.
WE WILL ASSIST YOU, AND THAT'S AN END TO IT.

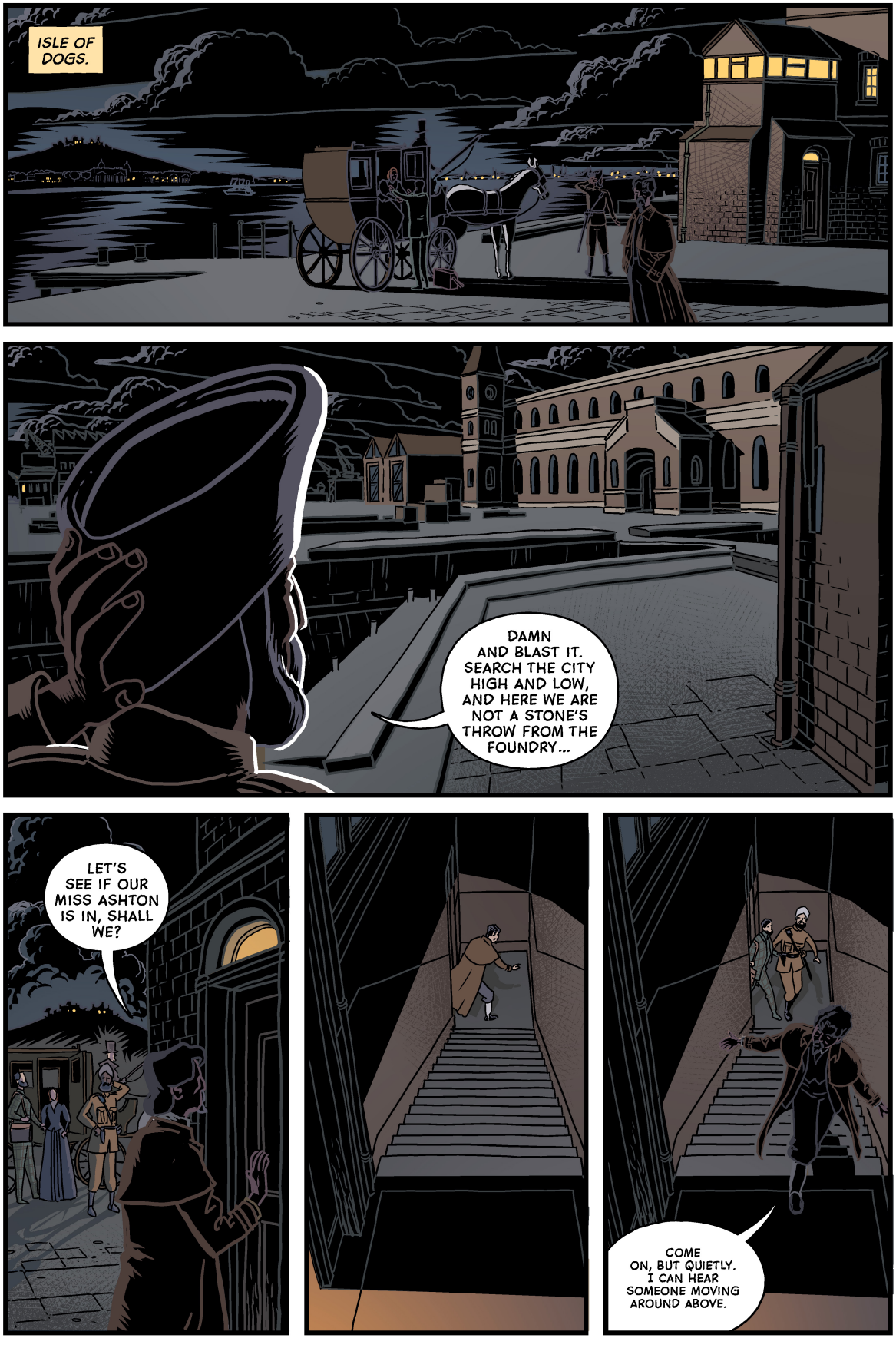
TWO EXTRA PAIRS OF EYES MIGHT COME IN HANDY, AT THAT. AND YOU DID IDENTIFY THE PATTERN BETWEEN THE SUPERNATURAL SIGHTINGS AND THE THEFTS.
I ASSURE YOU, SIR, THAT WE WON'T DISAPPOINT YOU.
SIR EDWARD, I'M SURE THAT I DON'T NEED TO REMIND YOU THAT THERE ARE ASPECTS OF THIS INVESTIGATION THAT YOU ARE NOT AT LIBERTY TO DISCUSS FREELY.
NO, MAJOR SINGH, YOU DO NOT.
COME ALONG, ALL OF YOU. WE WILL DISCUSS WHAT ASPECTS I AM AT LIBERTY TO SHARE SOMEWHERE A LITTLE MORE PRIVATE.

AND I SUSPECT THAT ALDOUS MIDDENGARD SINCLAIR IS NOT ONLY RESPONSIBLE FOR THE REPORTED THEFTS...
...BUT IS CONNECTED WITH THE SUPERNATURAL OCCURRENCES AS WELL.
GOOD HEAVENS.
AND JUST WHERE IS THIS ALDOUS MUMBLEWHATSIT SINCLAIR TO BE FOUND, THEN?
IF WE KNEW THAT, WE WOULDN'T BE SEARCHING FOR HIM.
AS IT STANDS, WE DON'T EVEN KNOW IF HE IS OPERATING ALONE, OR HAS CONFEDERATES ASSISTING HIM.

WOULD SINCLAIR BE KNOWN TO ASSOCIATE WITH A WOMAN NAMED AMELIA ASHTON, BY ANY CHANCE?
NOT TO MY KNOWLEDGE, BUT I CAN'T RULE OUT THE POSSIBILITY.
DURING OUR INVESTIGATIONS, WE LEARNED THAT A WOMAN BY THAT NAME IDENTIFYING HERSELF AS AN ENGINEER HAD INQUIRED ABOUT ONE OF THE ITEMS THAT WAS LATER STOLEN.
PROFESSOR PRITCHARD THOUGHT IT WAS A DEAD END--COULDN'T CONSCIENCE THE NOTION OF A LADY ENGINEER--BUT SIMON AND I WEREN'T CONVINCED.
WE FOUND AN ADDRESS FOR AN "A. ASHTON" WHO MATCHES HER DESCRIPTION, BUT HAVE NOT YET HAD A CHANCE TO VISIT IT FIRSTHAND.
THEN NOW WOULD SEEM AS GOOD A TIME AS ANY, WOULDN'T YOU SAY?

WOULDN'T IT BE UNUSUAL, THOUGH, A WOMAN WORKING IN AN ENGINEERING LABORATORY? I WOULD HAVE THOUGHT THAT--
REALLY, SIR EDWARD, YOU'RE AS BAD AS THE PROFESSOR!
THIS ISN'T THE MIDDLE AGES, YOU KNOW. WOMEN ARE QUITE AS CAPABLE AS MEN WHEN IT COMES TO EXERCISING OUR MENTAL FACULTIES.
OR HADN'T YOU HEARD OF MARY SOMERVILLE, THE PIONEERING SCIENTIST WHO JUST A FEW YEARS AGO HAD AN OXFORD COLLEGE NAMED IN HER HONOR?
AND WHAT ABOUT--?
I'M CERTAIN THAT HE DIDN'T MEAN THAT WOMEN LACK THE CAPACITY FOR THE WORK, MERELY THAT THEY MIGHT FIND IT DIFFICULT TO SECURE SUCH EMPLOYMENT.
YES, WELL, I'M SURE THAT MUST HAVE BEEN THE CASE.
WE'RE HERE.

KNOCK KNOCK
WHATCHA MEAN, BANGING ON PEOPLE'S DOORS AT THIS HOUR OF THE NIGHT?
EXCUSE THE LATENESS OF OUR VISIT, BUT WE'RE INQUIRING AFTER A MISS AMELIA ASHTON. IS SHE ABOUT?
MOVED OUT A FORTNIGHT AGO, AND HER STILL OWING ME A MONTH'S RENT. LEFT A FORWARDING ADDRESS, BUT ANY MAIL AS COMES FOR HER GOES STRAIGHT INTO THE FIRE.
YOU'RE WELCOME TO IT. NOW BE OFF WITH YOU.
SLAM

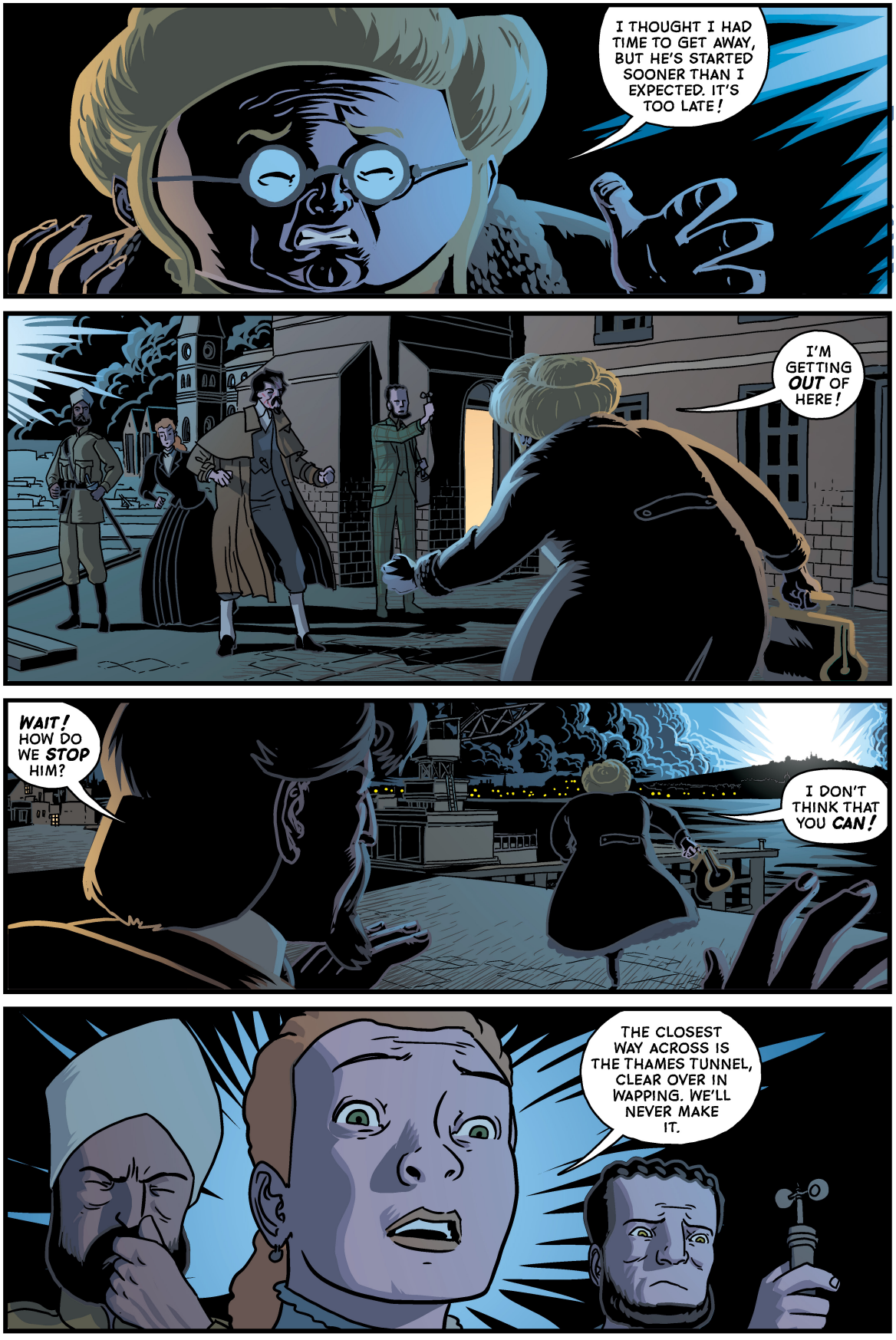

ISLE OF DOGS.
DAMN AND BLAST IT. SEARCH THE CITY HIGH AND LOW, AND HERE WE ARE NOT A STONE'S THROW FROM THE FOUNDRY...
LET'S SEE IF OUR MISS ASHTON IS IN, SHALL WE?
COME ON, BUT QUIETLY. I CAN HEAR SOMEONE MOVING AROUND ABOVE.

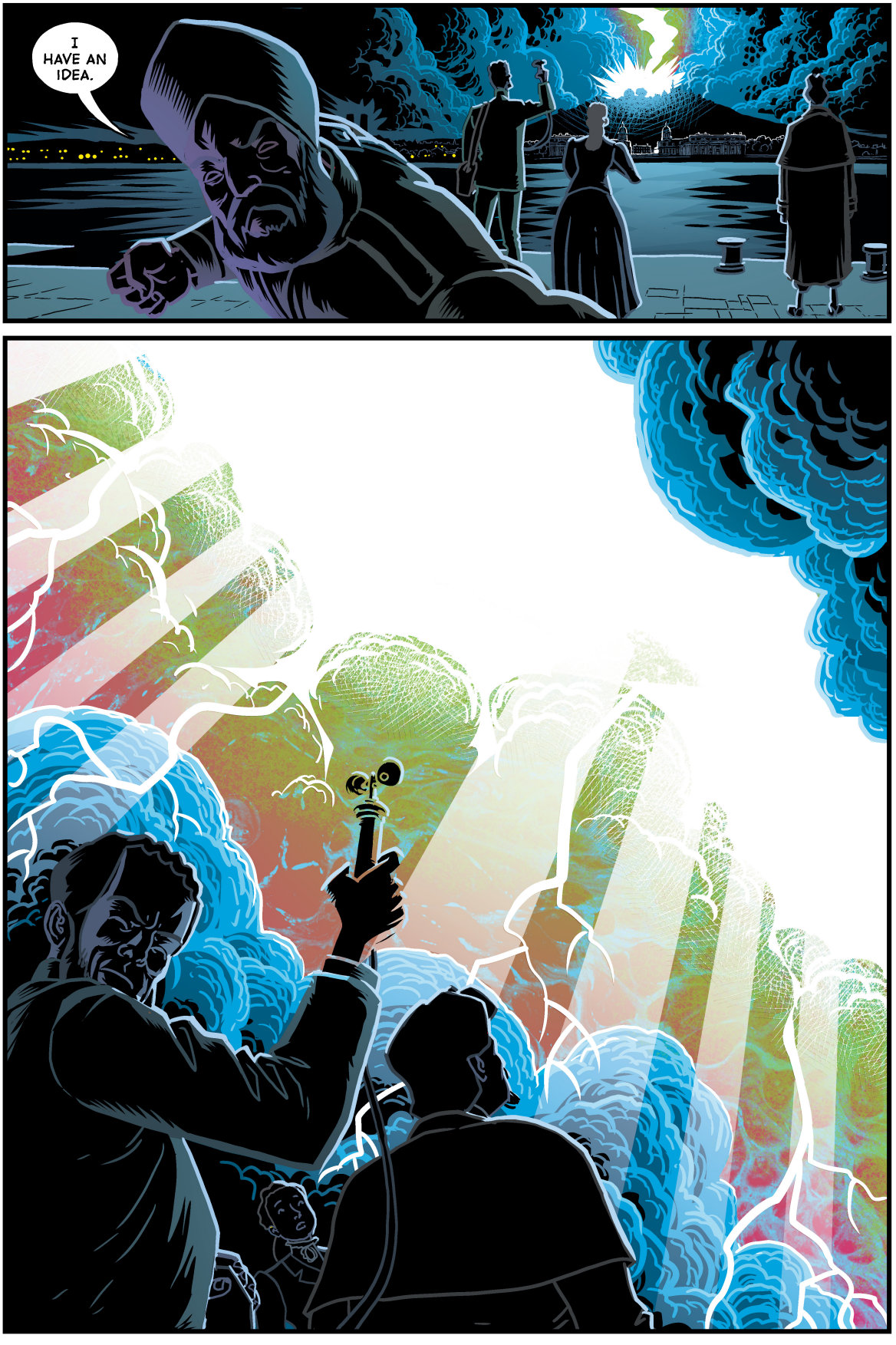
...COME ON, COME ON, WHERE *IS* IT?
DAMN IT!
CLATTER
TO HELL WITH IT, I'LL JUST BUY A *NEW* PAIR. ASSUMING I GET THE CHANCE TO--

BLOODY FOOL OF A MAN.
MISS AMELIA ASHTON, I PRESUME?
WHO THE DEVIL...?
NO, DOESN'T MATTER.
IF YOU'VE COME TO ROB ME, YOU'RE WELCOME TO ANYTHING YOU CAN CARRY.
BUT I WOULDN'T TAKE TOO LONG AT IT, IF I WERE YOU.

I'M ACTUALLY HERE IN SEARCH OF ALDOUS SINCLAIR.
THEN YOU'VE COME TO THE WRONG PLACE. SINCLAIR IS ALREADY GONE, DESPITE MY BEST EFFORTS TO STOP HIM.
THE MAN HAS LOST HIS BLOODY MIND. GONE STARK RAVING BONKERS, IF YOU ASK ME. WHEN HE TURNS ON THAT DAMNED MACHINE, AND OPENS THAT DOOR OF HIS...
THERE'S SOMETHING ON THE OTHER SIDE, I'M CERTAIN OF IT, AND I DON'T WANT TO BE ANYWHERE NEAR WHEN HE DOES--
WHERE, MISS ASHTON? WHERE IS SINCLAIR?
OVER IN GREENWICH, ON TOP OF THE OBSERVATORY. HE WANTED THE HIGHEST UNOBSTRUCTED VIEW HE COULD GET.

BOOOM
GOOD LORD...
OH, NO!

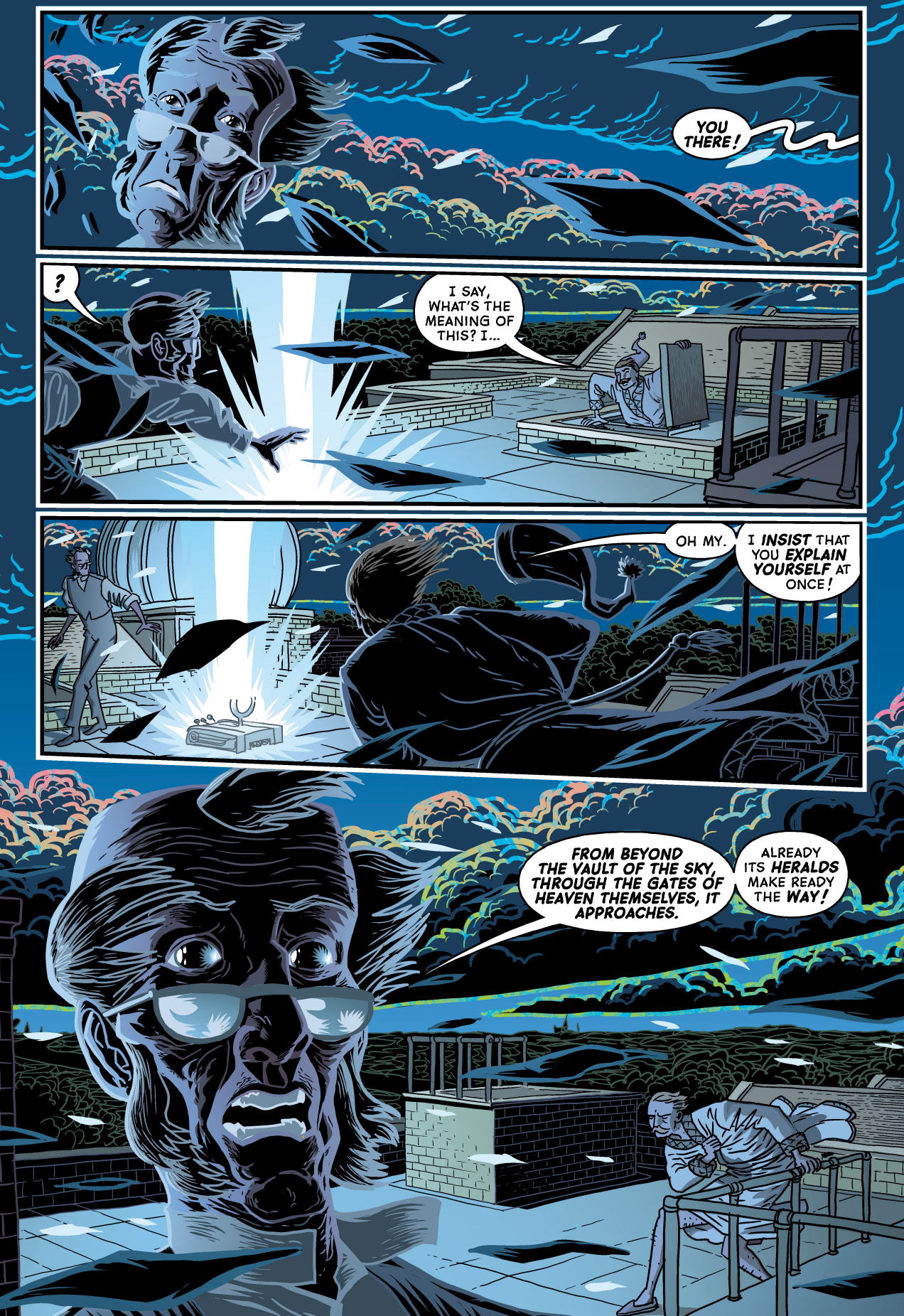

I THOUGHT I HAD TIME TO GET AWAY, BUT HE'S STARTED SOONER THAN I EXPECTED. IT'S TOO LATE!
I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!
WAIT! HOW DO WE STOP HIM?
I DON'T THINK THAT YOU CAN!
THE CLOSEST WAY ACROSS IS THE THAMES TUNNEL, CLEAR OVER IN WAPPING. WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT.


I HAVE AN IDEA.

CHAPTER FIVE

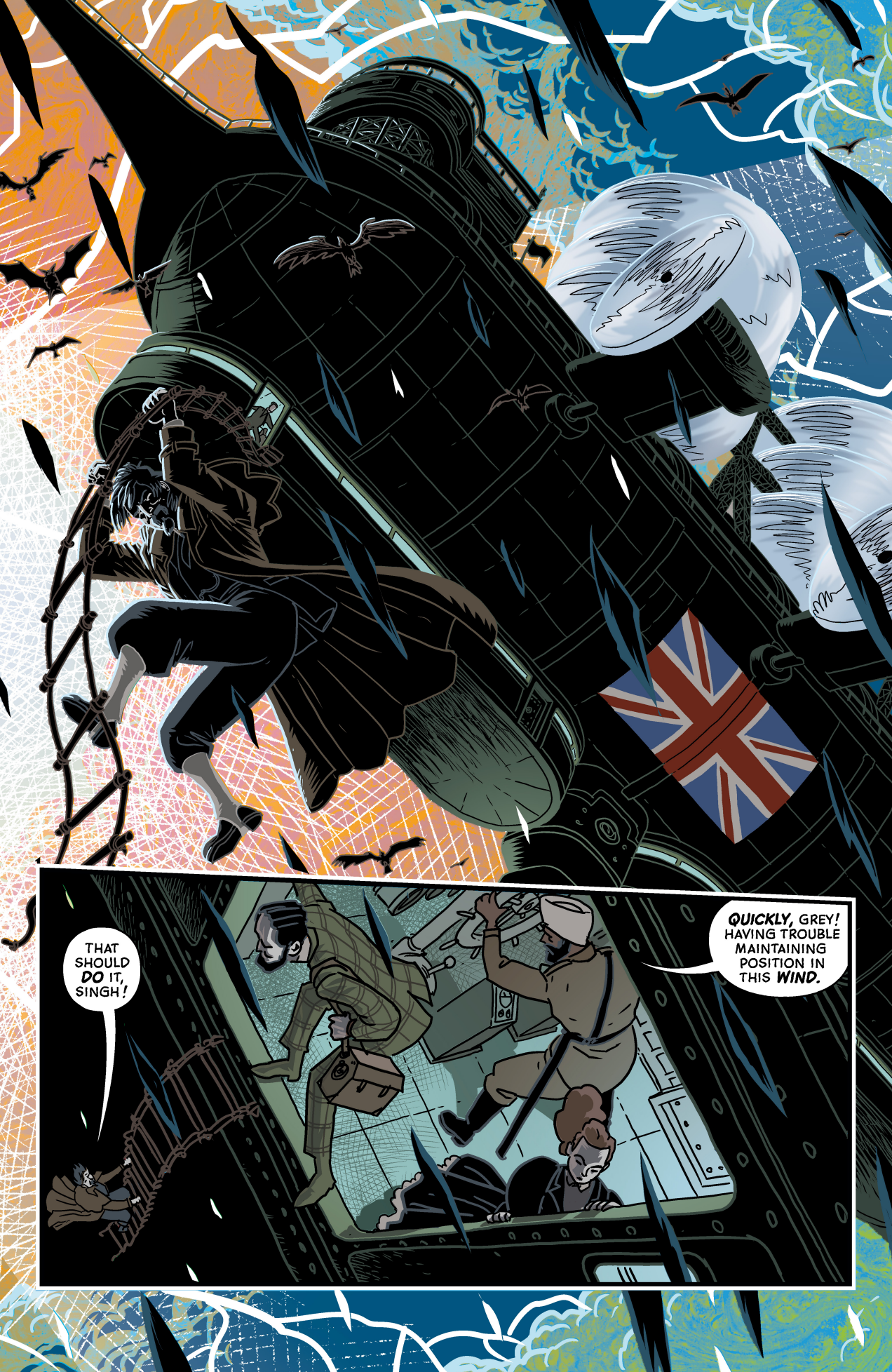
THE ASTRONOMER ROYAL AND HIS HOUSEHOLD WERE AMONG THE FIRST TO BECOME AWARE OF THE DISTURBANCE ABOVE THE MERIDIAN BUILDING AT GREENWICH.
SIR WILLIAM-- WHAT IS IT?!
I...I'M NOT CERTAIN. SOME MANNER OF AURORA EFFECT, PERHAPS?
BUT IT WOULD APPEAR THAT THERE IS SOMEONE ON THE ROOF...

YES, THE WAY IS ALMOST MADE CLEAR.
SOON WE SHALL BE JOINED TOGETHER, FOREVER AND WITHOUT END.
ETH UMM RAHAAB EG.

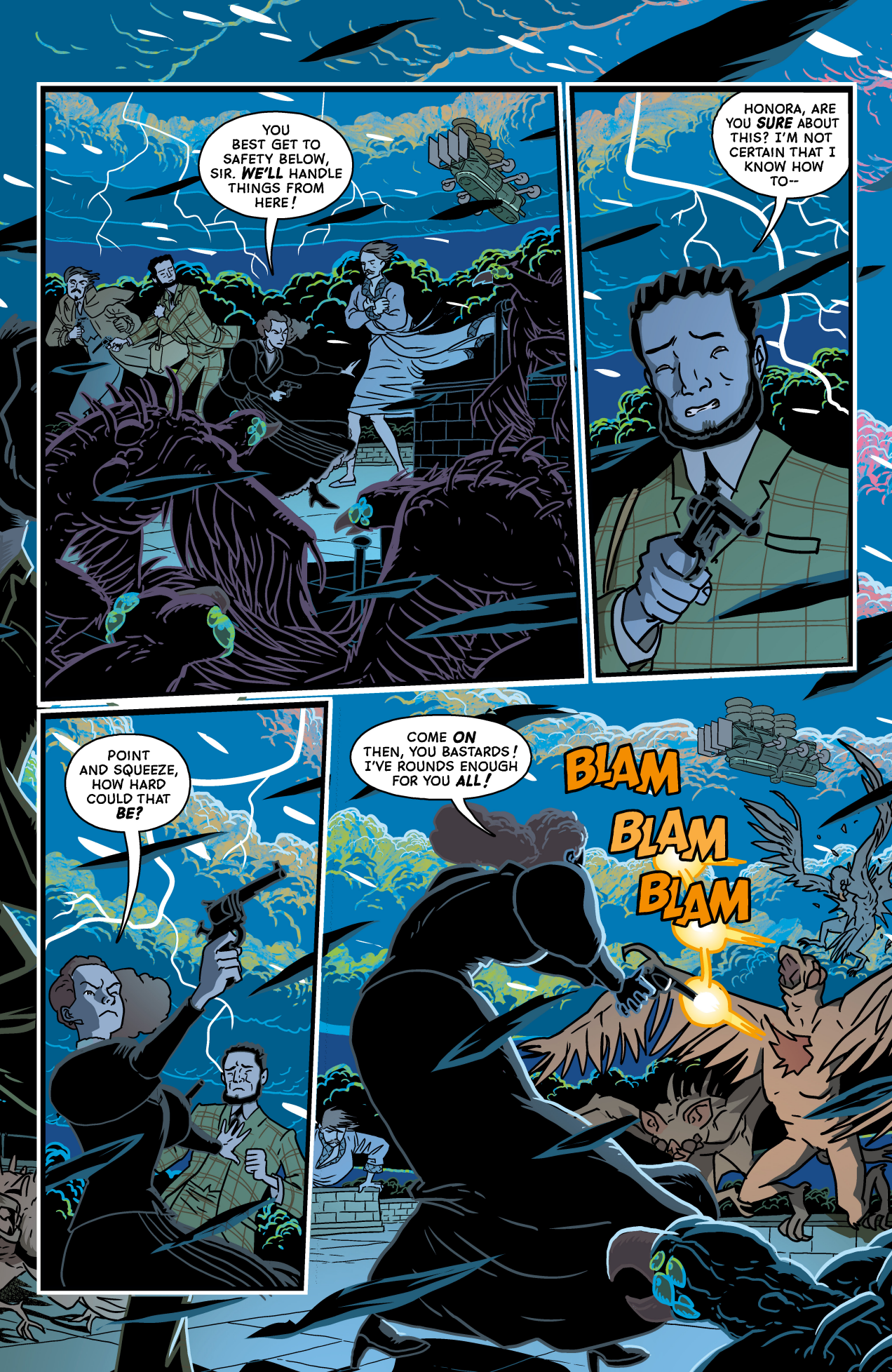

YOU THERE!
?
I SAY, WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS? I...
OH MY.
I INSIST THAT YOU EXPLAIN YOURSELF AT ONCE!
FROM BEYOND THE VAULT OF THE SKY, THROUGH THE GATES OF HEAVEN THEMSELVES, IT APPROACHES.
ALREADY ITS HERALDS MAKE READY THE WAY!

SKREEEE
SKREEE
GOOD LORD!
SKREEEE
SKREEEE
WHAT IN HEAVEN'S NAME...?!

WELCOME, MY BROTHERS.
AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING, SO IT SHALL BE AGAIN. ETH UMM RAHAAB EG.
SKREEE?
CHOKE
CLEAR AWAY THE UNBELIEVERS AND THE UNWORTHY. MAKE READY THE WAY AND SOON WE SHALL--
THIS HAS GONE ON LONG ENOUGH!
?!


QUICKLY, GREY! HAVING TROUBLE MAINTAINING POSITION IN THIS WIND.
THAT SHOULD DO IT, SINGH!

UNF!
BRUTTENHOLM, GRANT-- HURRY UP! I'LL COVER YOU!
THAT'S DONE IT, SINGH! WE'RE CLEAR!
I'LL KEEP THE CREATURES STILL IN THE AIR OFF YOUR BACKS!

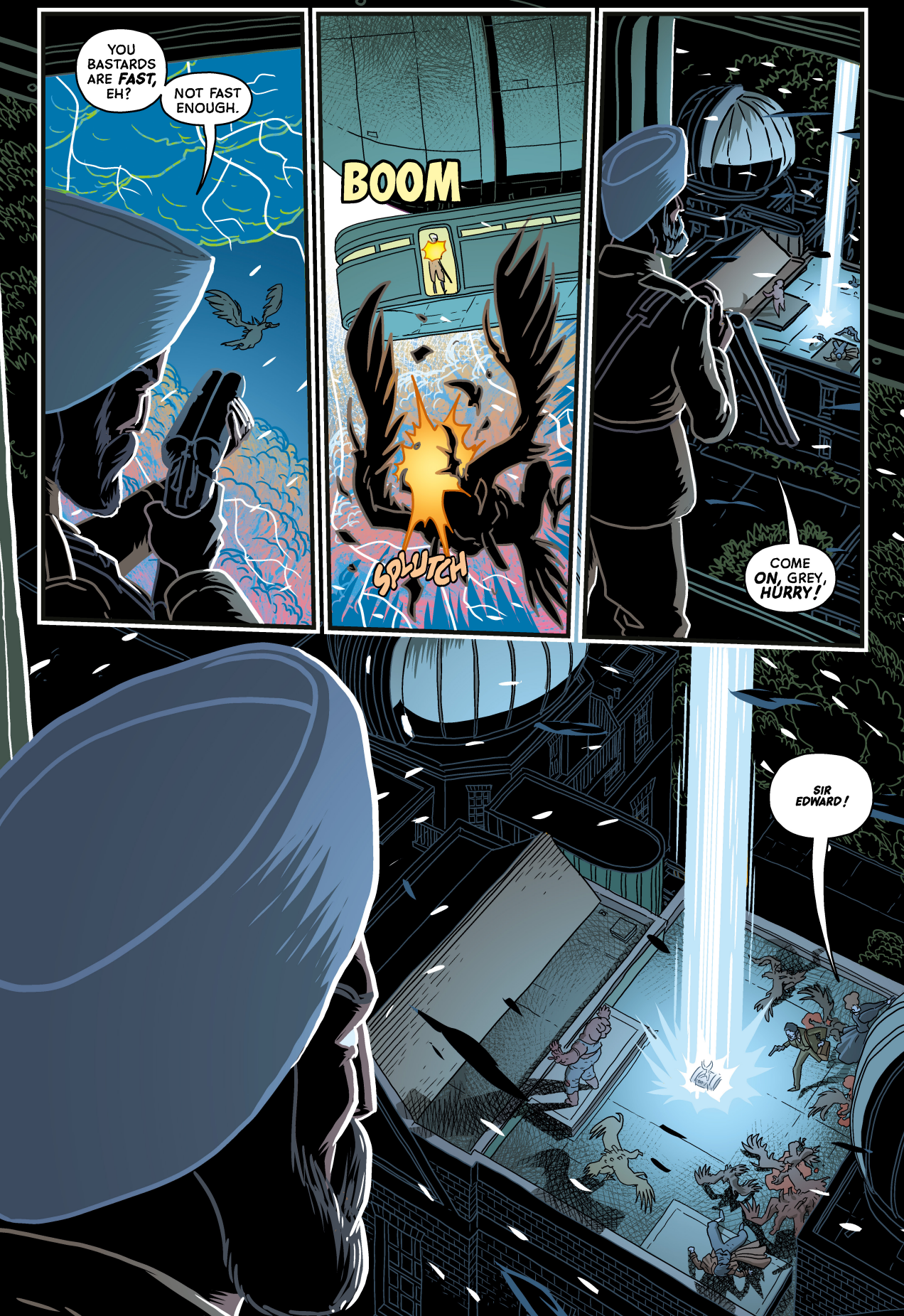

YOU BEST GET TO SAFETY BELOW, SIR. WE'LL HANDLE THINGS FROM HERE!
HONORA, ARE YOU SURE ABOUT THIS? I'M NOT CERTAIN THAT I KNOW HOW TO--
POINT AND SQUEEZE, HOW HARD COULD THAT BE?
COME ON THEN, YOU BASTARDS! I'VE ROUNDS ENOUGH FOR YOU ALL!
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM

MORE MUTATED CREATURES...?!
BOOM
ALDOUS MIDDENGARD SINCLAIR, I PRESUME? I'VE HEARD A GREAT DEAL ABOUT YOU IN RECENT DAYS.
THIS DEVICE OF YOURS IS EXTREMELY DANGEROUS, I'M ASSURED, AND SO I THINK IT BEST THAT WE SHUT THINGS DOWN AND ASSESS, DON'T YOU?
AL MERA HEM ETH SANCTI AB-JURA!
COME FORTH AND WELCOME THE NEW AGE!

MERA HEM UTH DAN! HECCATA!
TOO LATE TO DISCUSS THIS, THEN?
ETTH UM RAHAAB EG!

YARRRL!
COME FORTH! COME FORTH AND CLEANSE THE WORLD WITH YOUR HOLY FIRE!
WHATEVER YOU'RE PLANNING TO DO, SIR EDWARD--BEST DO IT SOON!
VERY WELL. THIS ENDS NOW, SINCLAIR.

BLAM
NONE SHALL BAR THE WAY! THE GATES SHALL BE OPENED, NOW AND FOREVER!
UNGH!
THWACK
UHHN!
THUD


YOU BASTARDS ARE FAST, EH?
NOT FAST ENOUGH.
BOOM
SPLUTCH
COME ON, GREY, HURRY!
SIR EDWARD!

BLAM
KEEP AWAY FROM HIM!
BACK, DAMN YOU!
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, SIR EDWARD?
BLAM
I'VE SURVIVED WORSE.
SINCLAIR HAS GROWN TOO POWERFUL TO BE BROUGHT DOWN BY MERE BULLETS.
FORTUNATELY, I BROUGHT ALONG ALTERNATIVE MEANS.

IT IS SAID TO BE BLESSED BY THE MANY-ARMED GODDESS DURGA, AND PROOF AGAINST DEMONS...
YOU TWO CLEAR A PATH, AND I WILL DEAL WITH OUR MR. SINCLAIR.
JUST SAY THE WORD.
BLAM BLAM BLAM
NOW!
COME FORTH!
COME FORTH AND ALL SHALL BE JOINED TOGETHER IN--

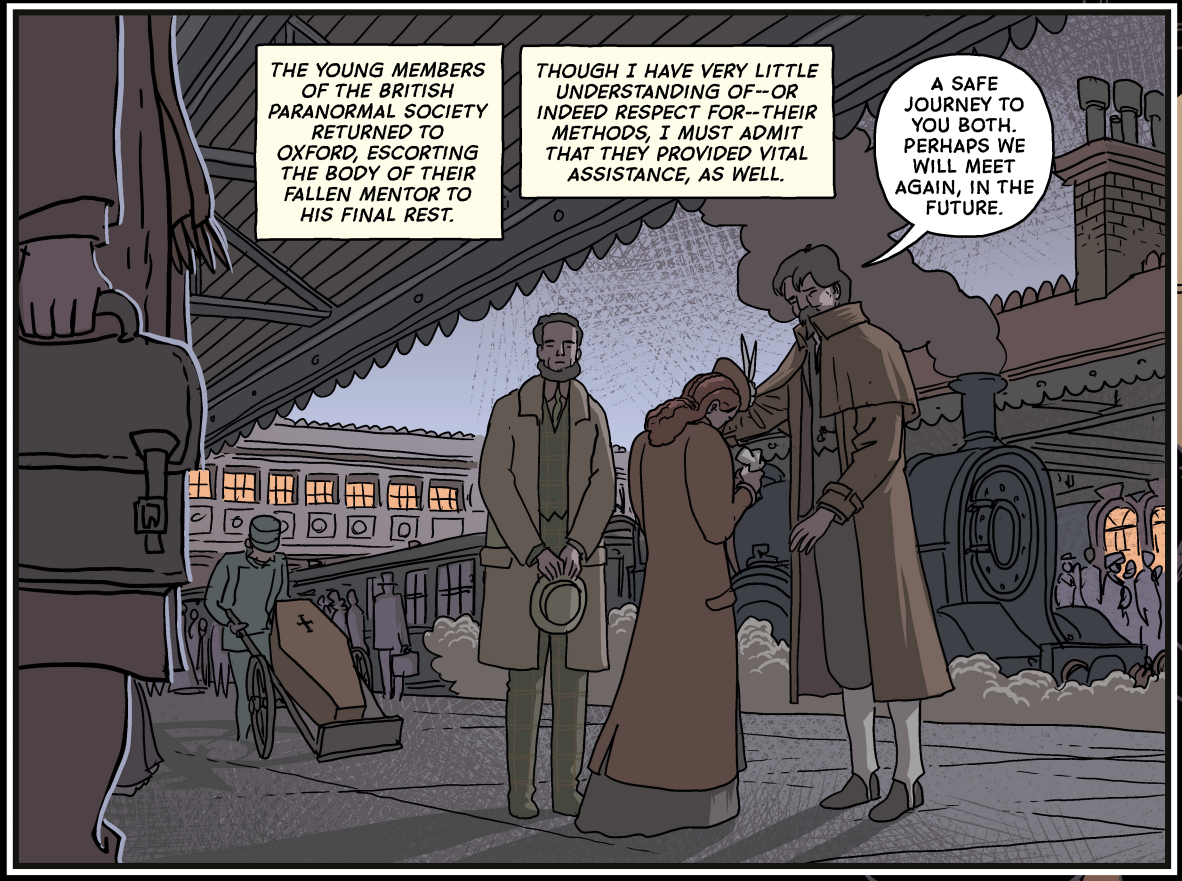
URK.
I AM... ALONE...
WHAT HAPPENED TO... THE VOICES...?
UHHHH.

HOW DO WE TURN IT OFF?!
WITH SINCLAIR'S MACHINE STILL IN OPERATION, THE THREAT PERSISTS.
PERHAPS IF WE WERE TO REMOVE THE COMPONENTS?
I MIGHT HAVE SOMETHING HERE THAT COULD--
HERE, GIVE ME THAT.
SMASH

KZZZZT
AND NOW...?
NOW WE SEE.

THANK YOU, MR. BRUTTENHOLM. SORRY IF IT'S A BIT WORSE FOR WEAR.
THINK NOTHING OF IT...
NOT ON MY WATCH, YOU WON'T.
BOOM
SPLASH

THE CRISIS AVERTED, I ARGUED THAT SINCLAIR'S STOLEN ARTIFACTS SHOULD BE SECURED IN THE WHITE TOWER, BUT HER MAJESTY RULED THAT THEY BE ENTRUSTED TO THE FOUNDRY, INSTEAD.
DESPITE THAT DISAGREEMENT, THOUGH, THE REDOUBTABLE MAJOR SINGH PROVED AN INVALUABLE ASSET IN MY INVESTIGATION, AND WE PARTED ON GOOD TERMS.
...GUESS WE'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT THE DEVIL THAT WAS ALL ABOUT, EH? BUT IF YOU EVER HAVE NEED OF OUR SERVICES, GREY, YOU HAVE ONLY TO ASK.


THE YOUNG MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH PARANORMAL SOCIETY RETURNED TO OXFORD, ESCORTING THE BODY OF THEIR FALLEN MENTOR TO HIS FINAL REST.
THOUGH I HAVE VERY LITTLE UNDERSTANDING OF--OR INDEED RESPECT FOR--THEIR METHODS, I MUST ADMIT THAT THEY PROVIDED VITAL ASSISTANCE, AS WELL.
A SAFE JOURNEY TO YOU BOTH. PERHAPS WE WILL MEET AGAIN, IN THE FUTURE.

AS FOR THE HELIOPIC BROTHERHOOD OF RA, THEY ARE EAGER TO PUT THIS WHOLE UNPLEASANT BUSINESS BEHIND THEM.
I CANNOT BUT THINK THAT MISS PANYA HAS DESIGNS OF HER OWN, THOUGH, AND I WOULD NOT BE SURPRISED TO FIND THAT OUR PATHS CROSS AGAIN, IN TIME.

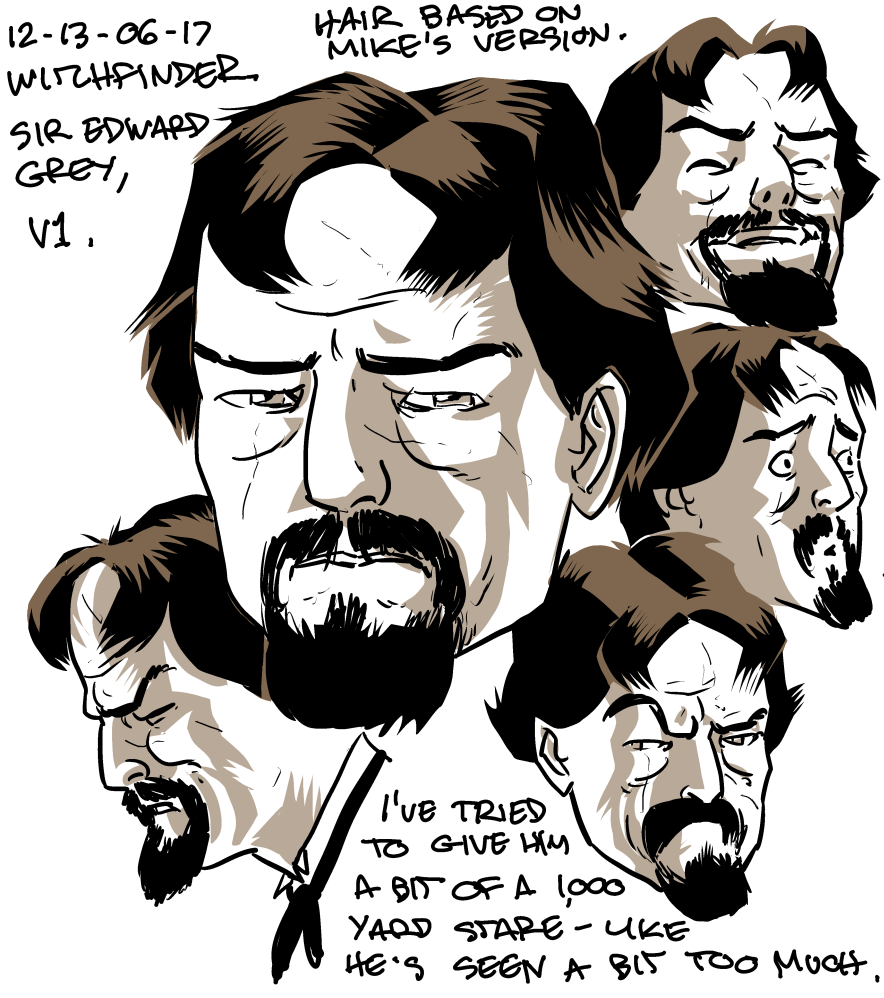
I HAVE RECEIVED WORD FROM HER MAJESTY THAT SHE IS SATISFIED WITH THE CONCLUSION OF THIS AFFAIR, BUT I AM FORCED TO WONDER.
IF THE EXISTENCE OF THE FOUNDRY WAS KEPT FROM ME, ALL THIS TIME, WHAT OTHER SECRETS MIGHT REMAIN HIDDEN BEHIND ROYAL PREROGATIVE THAT MIGHT ONE DAY--
SIR EDWARD?

YOUR PARDON, SIR, BUT A MESSAGE HAS ARRIVED FOR YOU.
MR. SILK WRITES TO SAY THAT THE FUGITIVE DUTCH WARLOCK EPKE VROOMAN IS BELIEVED TO BE LIVING IN LONDON UNDER AN ASSUMED NAME, AND I'M TO LOOK INTO IT AT ONCE.
WASN'T THAT THE CHAP WHO ONCE CONJURED UP A THUNDERSTORM IN A PARIS METRO STATION TO COVER HIS ESCAPE?
WILL BE DEUCEDLY DIFFICULT TO CORNER A MAN CAPABLE OF A TRICK LIKE THAT.
OH, I'M SURE THAT I CAN THINK OF SOME-THING.
THE END

WITCHFINDER™

SKETCHBOOK

Notes by D'Israeli



I've loved the *Hellboy* universe since I first encountered it twenty-odd years ago, so getting the chance to scribble over part of it was both an ambition realised and more than a tad intimidating. I'd not read any *Witchfinder* before I was offered it, so I picked up several volumes and read them through carefully before deciding. Of course a Victorian paranormal detective was just up my street, so the question quickly became not whether to do it, but how. I imagined Sir Edward Grey as a man who's seen too much, so he'd have a bit of a thousand-yard stare, but I also wanted to make sure I could give him a variety of expressions as the story demanded.

These sketches are working out body language and attitude–Grey's a bit of an upstart who's worked his way up from the ranks, still a little ill at ease in the stratum of society he's now operating in.

Note that these early sketches all have spot blacks and shading on them. I was really nervous about making a good impression!

26-02-17

I had Hob's own job keeping Doctors Lewis and Manley straight in my head, for some reason–I was forever drawing one when I should have drawn the other, and in fact I wouldn't even swear I've got them correctly labeled here.

DR LEWIS

MR SILK - CAN I GET AWAY WITH JOINING HIS MOUSTACHE TO HIS SIDE-BURNS LIKE THIS?

DR. MANLEY.

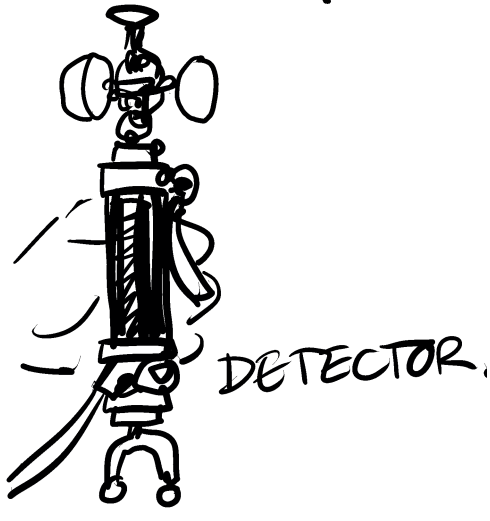
MISS GOAD - (DON'T KNOW WHY I MADE HER LOOK SO OLD IN THE ROUGH PENCILS) - THIS FIRST TRY MAKES HER LOOK A BIT MORE "PERSON OF RESTRICTED GROWTH" THAN THE REFERENCE - CHANGE HER BACK...

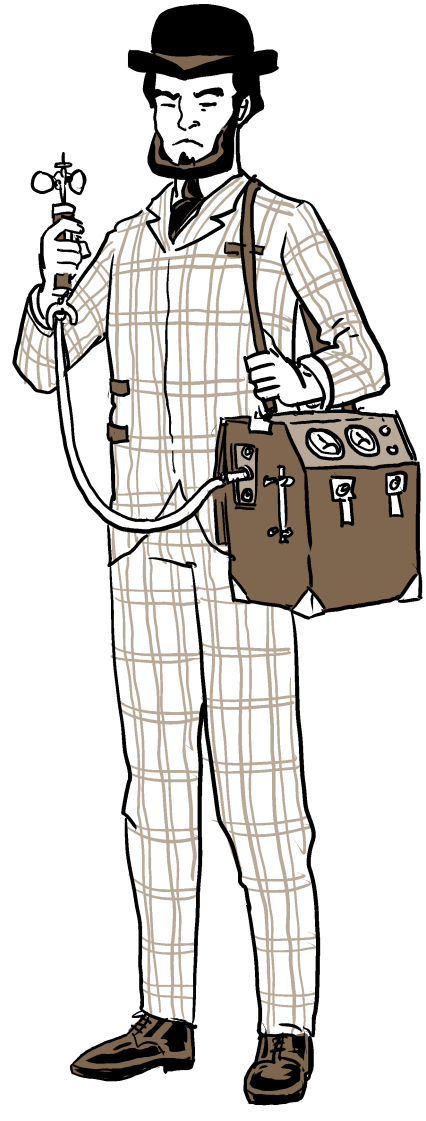
C.M.K. IF YOU WANT ME TO

Miss Goad was the only character I wanted to revamp; if you're going to have a character with a physical difference, like dwarfism, I think you need to embrace it, and the previous version of her seemed, to me, to shy away from that. You have to be careful not to veer into caricature, of course, but I hope my portrayal is honest.

SIMON BRUTTENHOLM

The past is another country; I love drawing bygone fashions (and in the case of the Victorian era, beard styles) that would never be seen today. I enjoyed drawing Simon because he's big and should be imposing, but he's always playing second fiddle to Honora.

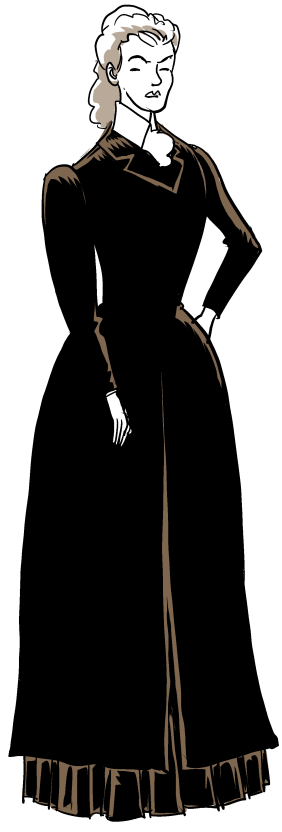




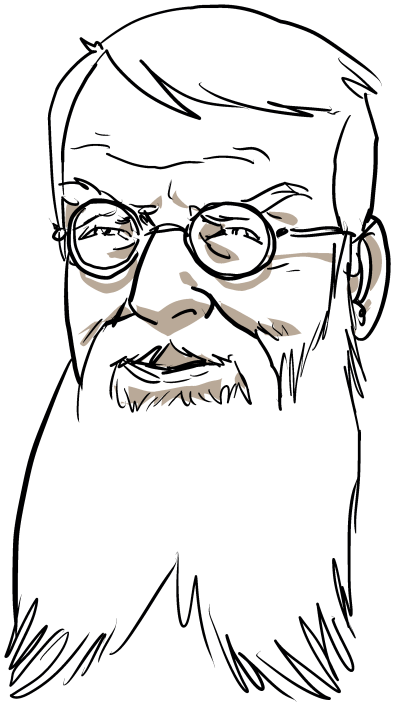
I wish I'd held on to the fiddliness of Simon's detector case though. It ended up becoming simplified under deadline pressure.

HONORA GRANT.

Honora was possibly my favourite character in the book–also one of most difficult to draw. I wanted to give her a bit of a character, though I think I slipped a little into drawing her as a generic pretty face in the last couple of issues.



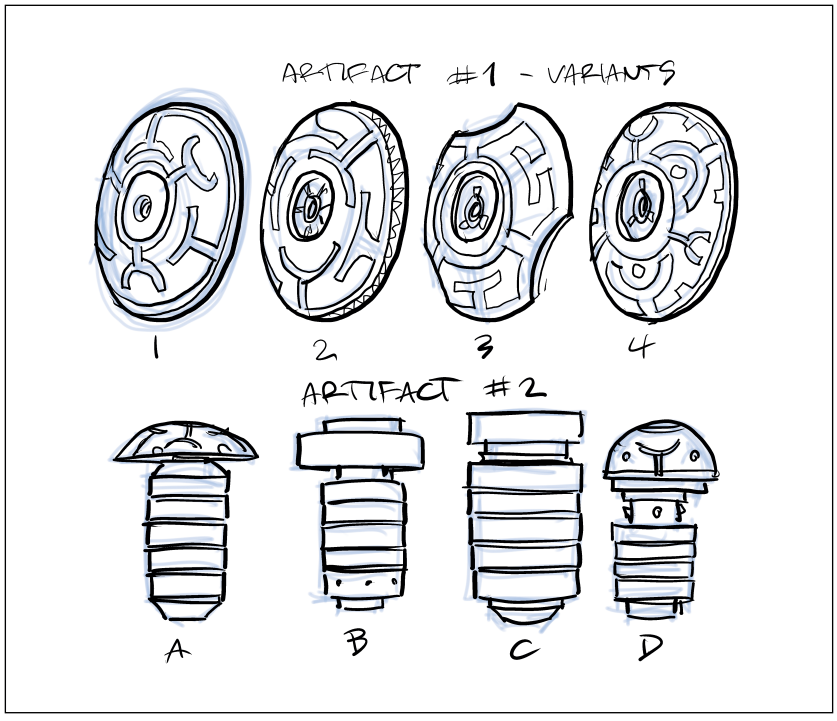
17-21-7-17



17-21-7-17

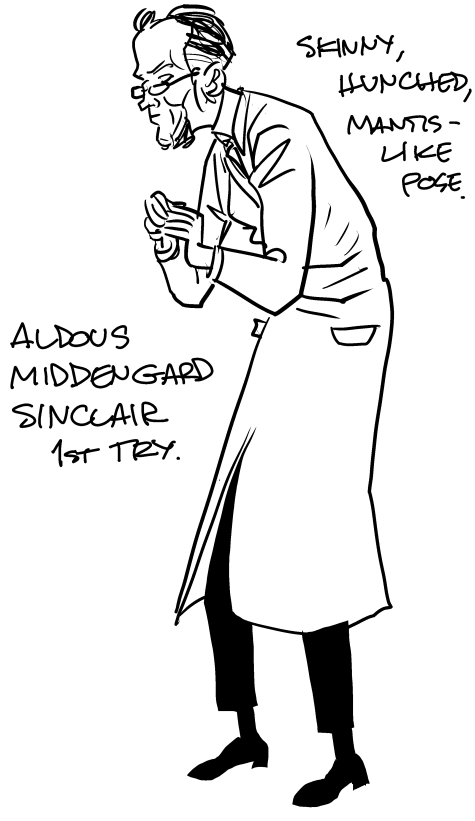
PROF. LLEWELYN PRITCHARD.

Llewellyn Pritchard is based on Alfred Russell Wallace, co-discoverer of the theory of evolution by natural selection. Photos of him show a twinkle in his eye that I struggled hard to try and capture. That beard fascinated me though. I kept wanting to draw it bigger all the time!



The quick way to get designs approved–I did four for each of the artifacts stolen in issue #1 and let [original editor] Scott Allie choose. I was trying to play around with the vaguely Kirby-esque design cues for ancient artifacts established by Mike Mignola and Guy Davis in *Hellboy*/*B.P.R.D.*

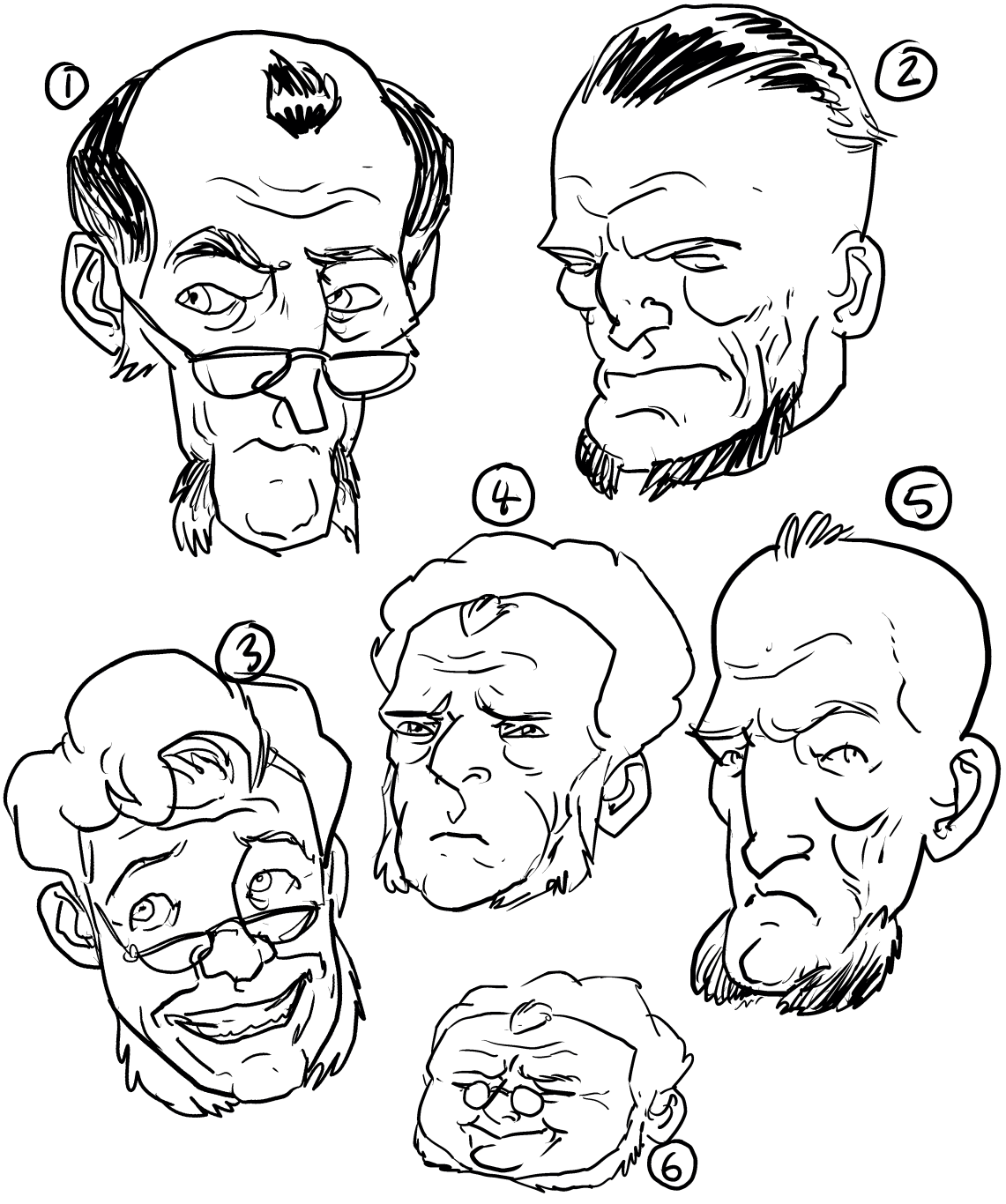
Miss Ashton was going to be a foil for mad scientist Aldous Middengard Sinclair. I gave her big thick glasses so it would be easy to make her look wide-eyed and freaked out when things went bad.

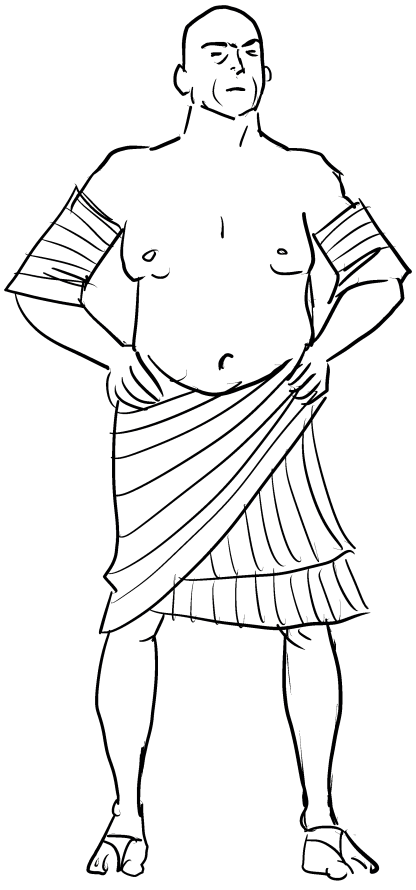


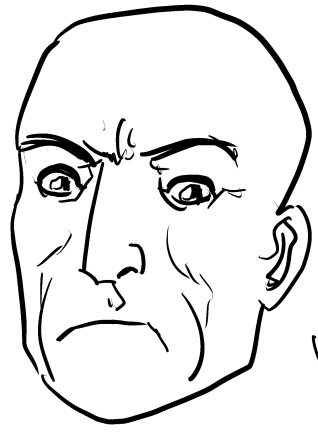
5-8-17

ALDOUS MIDDENGARD SINCLAIR - VARIOUS IDEAS -

Aldous Middengard Sinclair–there was no description of him in the script, so I did six face variants, then the full body to match once #1 had been picked. Personally I'd favoured #5, so I retooled that one as Professor Quinlan Maddox.





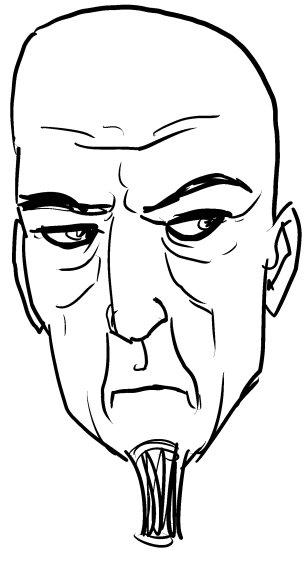


WITCHFINDER
GoH 3 —

CEDU-BARRA.

20-11-17

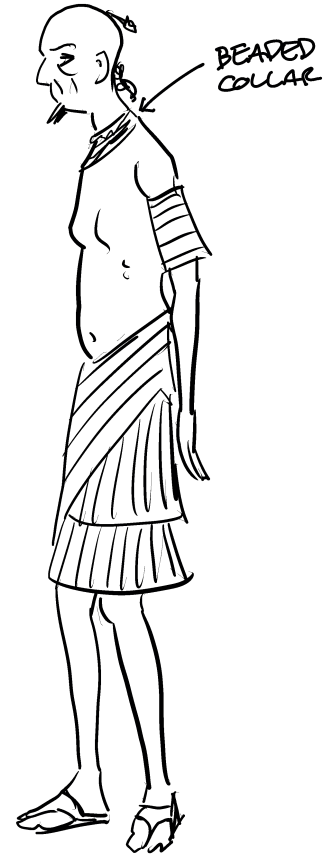
The main thing I remember about Cedu-Barra and Meryra was trying to figure out how those dratted pleated kilt-things worked, based on one side-on view from a tomb painting!



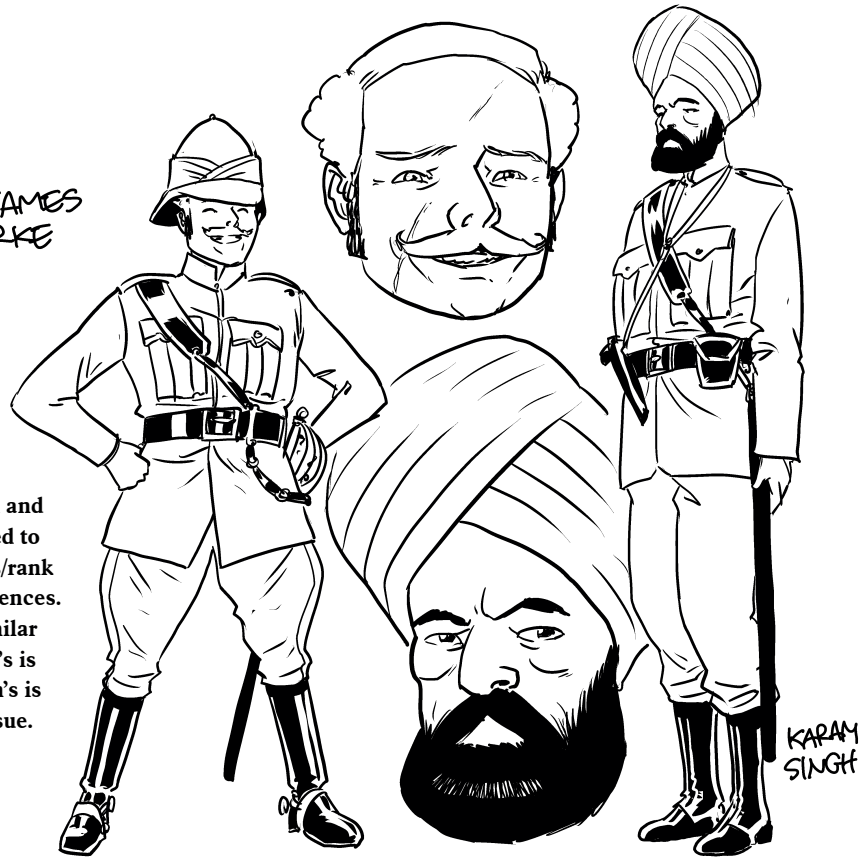
WITCHFINDER
GoH 3 —

MERYRA - (PANYA'S FATHER)

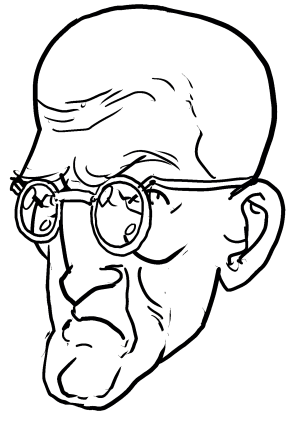
20-11-17



COLONEL JAMES FRASIER BURKE



When drawing Singh and Burke together, I tried to get across subtle class/rank makers in their appearences. They're wearing similar uniforms, but Burke's is handmade and Singh's is baggier, standard issue.

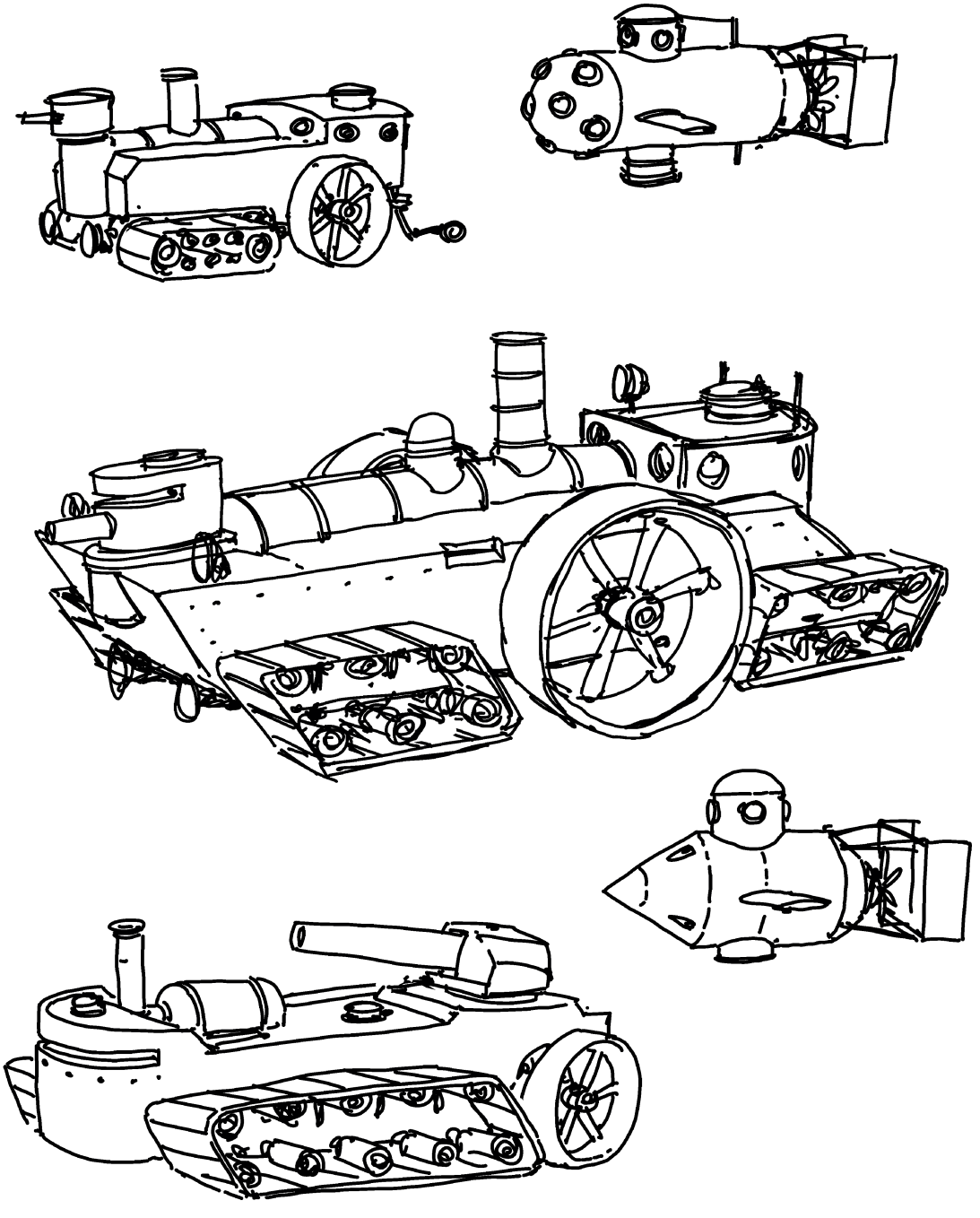


PROFESSOR QUINLAN MADDOX -

SINCE HE'S WORKING IN PRACTICAL/ TECHNICAL FIELDS I'VE MADE HIS OUTFIT A BIT MORE "BLUE COLLAR"

I retooled my favourite design for Sinclair as Professor Quinlan Maddox - taking off the side whiskers and adding glasses. Sinclair is already the typical white-coated scientist, so I kitted out Maddox as more of an engineer. The outfit is based loosely on Victorian steel-workers' garb from my home town of Sheffield.

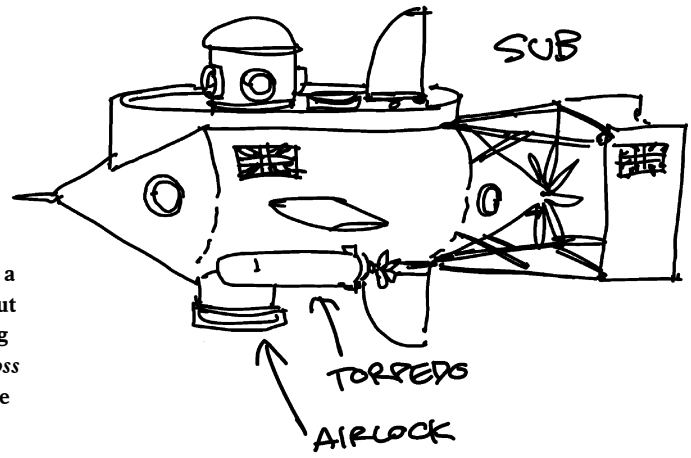
Also, looking at this double page, I realise that I do like to draw chaps with arms akimbo...

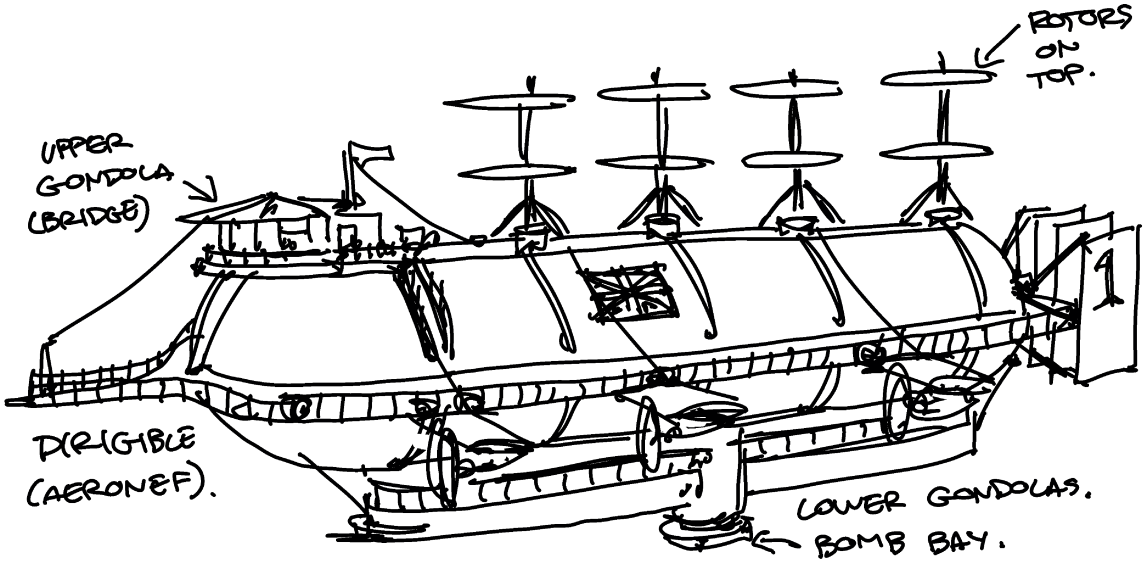


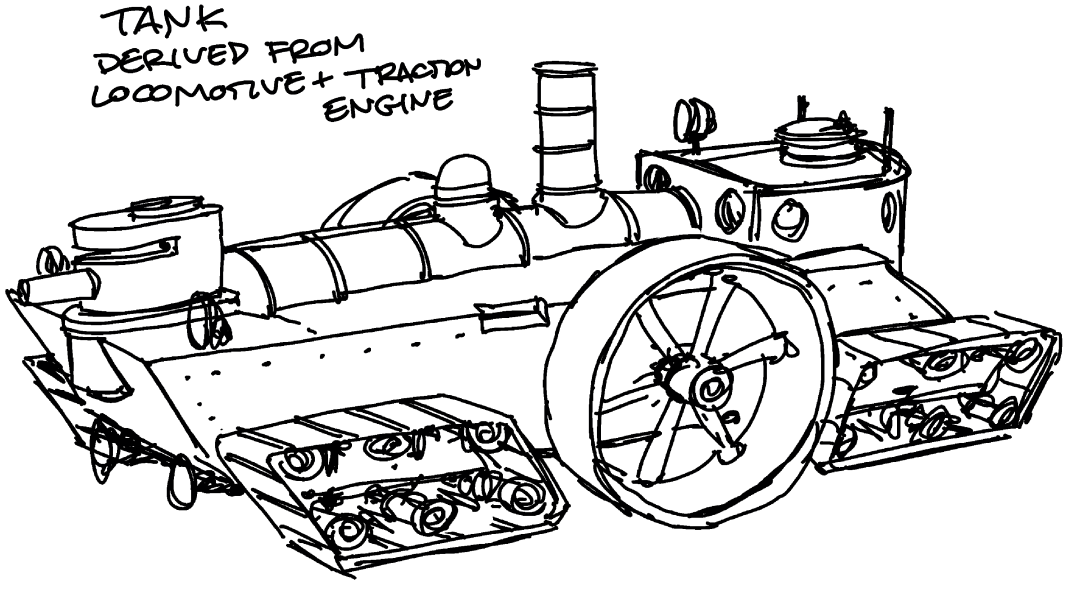
Vehicles–the left page is rough sketches, the right are the designs submitted. For the tanks, I looked at adding elements of steam engines and traction engines to make them look more like prototypes adapted from other vehicles. The submarines take their design cues from Guy Davis's Victorian submarine designs from the Abe Sapien flashbacks in *B.P.R.D.*

FOUNDRY VEHICLES

The dirigible was meant to be a simple gas bag and gondola, but I kind of went mad, borrowing ideas from the Aeronef *Albatross* in the old Vincent Price movie *Master of the World*.







I built the vehicles as 3D models to guarantee consistency and repeatability. This spread shows how I integrate the renders into my rough pencils in Clip Studio Paint. I'll tighten up the penciling on the figures but I ink directly from the renders.

The checkers on the models are there as a guide to help me draw in small details like panels and seam lines. Scott complained they gave him double vision!

20-11-17 MUTANT NEWT MONSTER.

WITCHFINDER
GOH Nº 3

If I have a newt and you have a newt, whose newt is smaller?*

When designing creatures for *Witchfinder*, my guiding principle was WWGDD (What Would Guy Davis Do?) That Guy is just the master of creature design.

Newts are actually a bit silly-looking, so I gave the "Newt-ant" a cluster of creepy-looking Kirby-style crater eyes to try and offset that. The multiple limbs came from an idea I had about the spacetime distortion of the portal engine causing aberrant proliferation in the Hox genes of nearby species…or maybe I just pinched the idea from classic creature designer Wayne Douglas Barlowe.

In the end, I'm still not sure how well it worked, but I was quite pleased with how I captured the scale of the beast in the strip itself.

***my newt.**

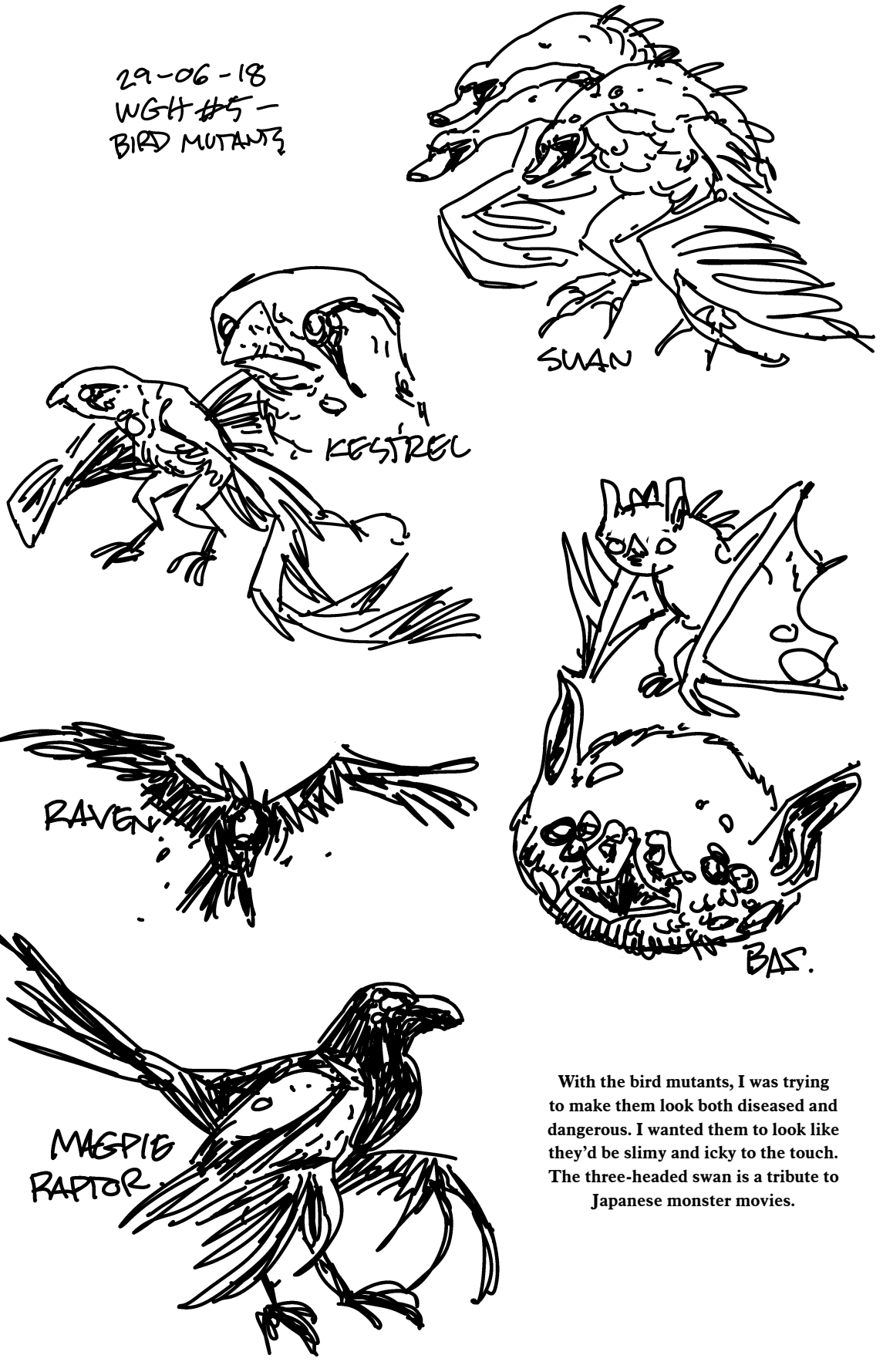
11-05-2018 SINCLAIR TO OGDRU HEM TRANSFORMATION

SUGGESTED SINCLAIR TO OGDRU HEM TRANSFORMATION

(1) - IS THIS THE RIGHT DIRECTION?

(2) - I MAY HAVE RUN THE TRANSFORMATION FARTHER THAN THE SCRIPT REQUIRES — IF SO, LET ME KNOW WHAT STAGE TO STOP AT...

When Sinclair mutates into an Ogdru Hem, the script wasn't exactly clear how far the transformation should go, so I did this seven-step progression and asked Katii O'Brien to say "when." I think we decided somewhere between 4 and 5.



With the bird mutants, I was trying to make them look both diseased and dangerous. I wanted them to look like they'd be slimy and icky to the touch. The three-headed swan is a tribute to Japanese monster movies.

I feel like my covers are a bit of a mixed bag; the first couple are my attempt to do classic Mignola-style montage covers, but then after that we go to showing specific incidents from the episodes. The annoying thing is, about three covers in I thought of a lovely unified design scheme for all the covers, but by then it was too late! Artistic *esprit d l'escalier*.

Above are my roughs for the covers. I expected to have to go through quite a few versions of each design, but apart from small changes, four of the five passed pretty much on the first try. Cover number three, though, went through about four versions before we got to the final one (above).

The rough for cover number five, with my own thumbnail sketches above. I'd sometimes do six or eight of these little doodles to block out the basic composition before starting a rough.

Sir Edward Grey, scathingly referred to as "Witchfinder" by his detractors, discovers he's not the only occult expert in Her Majesty's service. When seemingly random occult items start disappearing around London, Grey teams up with Major Singh of the mysterious Foundry and occult researchers from the British Paranormal Society to determine what the artifacts have in common. The answer will lead Grey and his allies into the most dangerous, scientifically inexplicable confrontation they've ever experienced!

"If you have ever wanted to mix the concepts of 'weird tales' with the plotting of Agatha Christie mysteries, then Witchfinder: The Gates of Heaven *. . . is the book for you."—Newsarama*

DARK HORSE BOOKS